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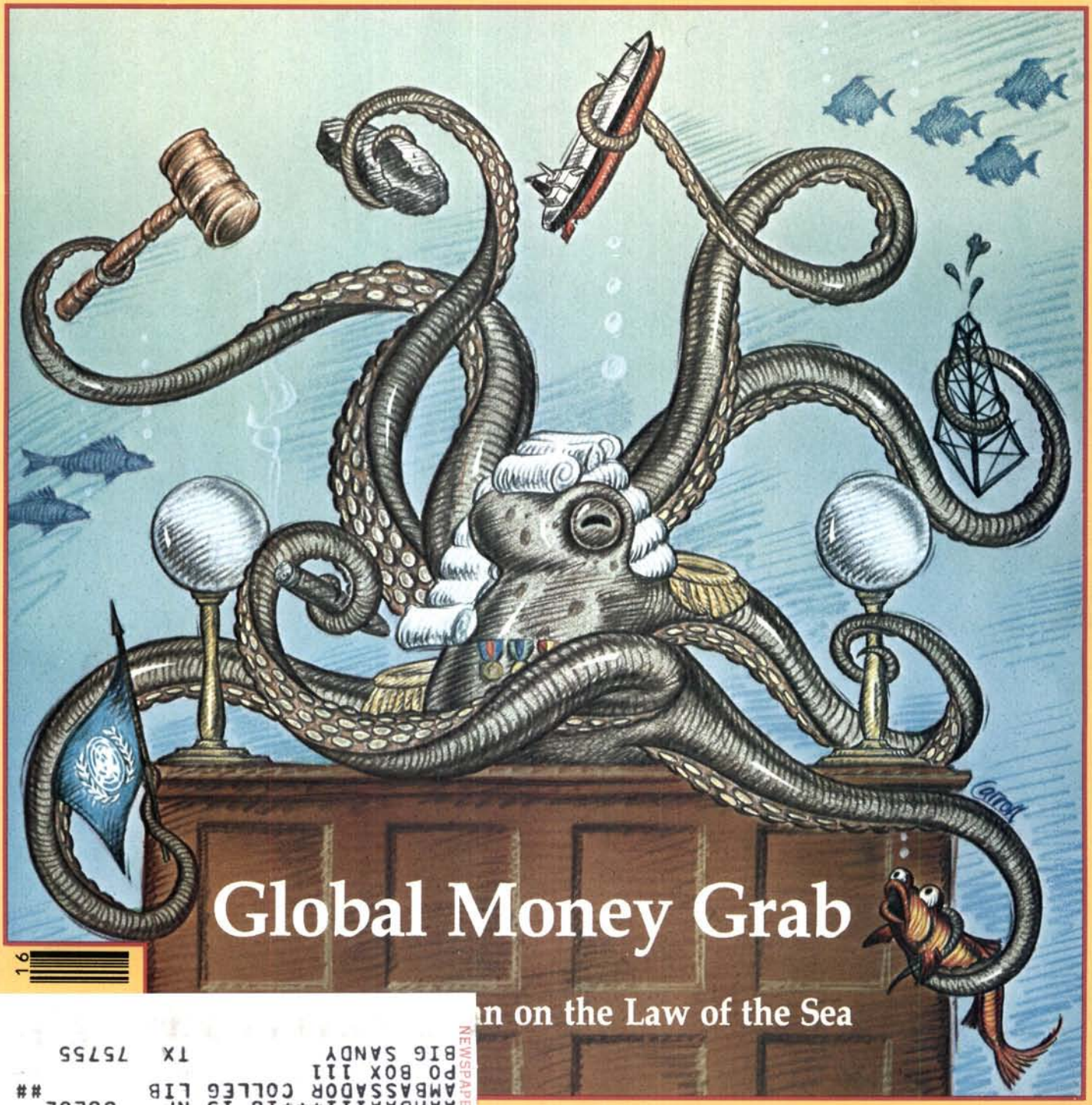

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Weekly Journal of Opinion

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FROM WASHINGTON

Handgun Mayhem

A man whose son was murdered is now chairman of Handgun Control, Inc., one of the most dedicated lobbies in the country for handgun control. A man who killed another man with a shotgun fifty years ago has become the head of the National Rifle Association, the most powerful lobby in the world against handgun control. These two spokesmen make one of the most theatrical juxtapositions found anywhere today. The struggle affects the United States and, in a way, the world. A new 192-page report issued by Figgie International, Inc., is the third in a series: it declares that fear of crime is increasing throughout the United States, that it is affecting the American lifestyle, and that, in the words of one of those questioned, "When citizens stay inside behind locked doors, shaking in fear, then the criminals have won." Annual FBI crime figures, just released, show 1981 leveling off from 1980, the highest in history.

President Reagan visits Europe in June, and people will look at the man who was almost killed by an assassin's bullet—and wonder. Why are Americans the way they are? In the latest year for which U.S. figures are available, handguns slew 48 people in Japan, 52 in Canada, 42 in West Germany, 8 in Britain, and 11,522 in the United States. There are probably 50 million handguns loose in the United States today, ready for any act of impulse or spasm of folly. There were 1,800 accidental deaths from firearms reported last year, and there were 15,387 suicides by firearms. Add these figures to the murders cited above. That's 28,709 deaths. Other nations find it hard to understand.

The National Rifle Association, the chief handgun lobby, has just held its annual convention in Philadelphia, which incidentally came on the anniversary of President Reagan's near assassination. Reagan has always been against federal handgun control laws and he still is. He must have a strange feeling about it. There have been thirteen attempts on the lives of the thirty-nine men who have been President, and four have died. In addition, two Presidential candidates were shot and two ex-Presidents were targets of attack.

Handgun ownership is either strictly restricted or forbidden in other industrial nations. But not in the United States. Eight years ago, on April 16, 1974, the 23-year-old son of Pete Shields was in a California suburb on a trip from the East, packing his lacrosse sticks into the trunk of a station wagon. He had not heard of what the police called the "Zebra killings," a wave of senseless, brutal attacks in the area. So far as is known, a man walked up behind him, took a handgun from inside his jacket, and shot the young man three times: death by a stranger whose face he never saw. His fifty-year-old father gave up his job as a marketing manager in the DuPont consumer products division, and has devoted his life since then to handgun control in Washington. He was not a radical, he says. He had been a registered Republican all his life, and a duck shooter. But he thought he should enlist in the handgun war.

On the opposite side of the trenches is perhaps the most effective single-interest lobby in the country, the National Rifle Association. Its story was retold in the April 6 *Philadelphia Inquirer* in connection with its convention in that city. A former Texas Border Patrol officer, sixty-eight-year-old Harlon Carter, is executive vice president. A year ago this May, the Texas *Laredo Times* dug up an old story from an issue of 1931 which brought the comment from Carter that he had "nothing to hide." He was then seventeen, and came home one night to find some Mexican-Americans hanging around his house. He told them to get lost, got a shotgun, and when a fifteen-year-old drew a knife, he shot and killed him. The paper recorded that he was convicted of murder on April 16, 1931. He was sentenced to three years, but released by a state appeals court because several witnesses were discredited. Carter was chief of the Border Patrol and an official of the National Immigration and Naturalization Service before his role in the NRA. The NRA had a membership revolution back in 1977 that gave control to the militants: speaking at Philadelphia, Carter told the convention: "Don't trust the politician who won't trust you with a gun."

The time seems to be approaching for a showdown over the gun issue. For almost half a century, public opinion polls have shown that the majority of Americans want controls on handguns. In the past ten years there have been five Presidential commissions on crime and violence. Every one reported that the situation was grave, and called for strict handgun control. I was present when Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower, the former President's brother, chairman of a commission on violence in America, testified before a Senate committee. He guessed that the number of concealable handguns in the country (perhaps already half a million) was increasing by three million a year. His commission unanimously recommended a ban on manufacture, importation, and distribution. "Powerful forces are working against the adoption of essential legislation," he warned. "The concealable handgun is the enemy of our society, not sporting weapons."

The most alarming thing in this situation, I think, is not the handguns, not even the horrifying murder rate, but the fact that democracy isn't working. The public obviously wants one thing and can't get it. Why? Because the members of Congress are scared. They are afraid of the gun lobby. They have reason to cower. At the Philadelphia convention, officials said the NRA has a budget of $55.8 million. Membership has doubled in the past three years to 2,330,000. It is militant, and members are told in every issue of the organization's literature that what opponents want is not just handgun control, but a ban on rifles, shotguns, and sporting arms. Meanwhile, failure to control handguns in the cities increases the murder rate, and as crime rises the demand grows that everybody have a gun at home, or carry it in the car.

There are some signs of a turn in sentiment. Some cities in Illinois have passed antigun laws and California may hold a major referendum this November. In Congress Senator Kennedy fights to strengthen the weak federal gun control legislation passed after his brother was killed. The battle wavers. Someday the U.S. almost certainly will join the rest of the industrial countries in this self-evident reform. But how many more Presidents must be killed before then?

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
APRIL 21, 1982

THE FORGOTTEN DEMAND SIDE

Ronald Reagan's twin excesses—his supply-side tax cuts and his spendthrift military budget—threaten to bring the nation to an economic precipice. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan conceded last week that unemployment, already at a post-Depression high, will go even higher, and that the wave of business bankruptcies will continue. So even the Administration is admitting that there is worse to come. Meanwhile, whole regions of the country—the industrial Midwest, for example—are already experiencing near Depression-levels of unemployment, and farm failures are a bumper crop this spring. Industries such as housing and construction are near the brink. Once-prosperous companies critically dependent upon easier credit, such as Braniff and International Harvester, are teetering on the edge. Millions of our fellow citizens have already fallen over. An estimated ten million Americans are out of work, and a record number are "permanently discouraged" from looking for jobs. Millions of other workers are employed by companies that are daily losing ground to foreign competition because they can't afford to borrow money at the current high interest rates. A staggering 18 percent of adult blacks and 45 percent of black teenagers are unemployed, and there is little prospect that these levels will fall any time soon. It is no comfort to jobless and hopeless Americans to be told that we are in the "bottom of the trough." Metaphors can't hide the truth: these people are up to their necks in hard times, in large part because of deliberate political and policy choices. President Reagan may not be solely responsible for the crisis—after all, it was Jimmy Carter who appointed Paul Volcker—but he is doing nothing to end it, and much that will make it worse.

To see the current crisis in its full dimensions, it's helpful to stand back from it. Throughout the Carter years, this journal repeatedly warned that persistent inflation was creating its own psychology and culture, undermining productivity, and encouraging consumption and selfishness. Individuals were left to huddle into interest groups and seek special protection, by law or by contract, from inflation's ruinous effects. Now, thanks to tight money and fortuitously falling oil prices, inflation has dropped dramatically, though many economists fear it will rise again when the money supply increases. Still, there are signs that the driving force of inflation, the wage-price spiral of 1965 to 1980, may be winding down. The social creativity of the United Auto Workers and the car manufacturers in trading wage increases for job stability shows that the bad habits of the inflation culture are not incurable. Even more heartening is the recent statement by the National Association for Retired People that its membership would be willing to forgo indexed Social Security increases to help cut the deficit. This shows that the public spirit, dormant during the hyperinflation years, is still flickering. It may only take a government with moral authority to fan it back to life.

But deep and prolonged recession has its own social price. It threatens the nation's basic economic structure. What is to be done? Mr. Reagan told us at the start of his Administration that government is the problem. Now it's *his* government that's the problem. His self-canceling economic policies—on the one hand cutting taxes, and on the other squeezing demand with tight money—have deepened this recession. Inflation is down, but there is almost no new investment. The tight money policies have so reduced demand that, in the midst of the worst recession in thirty-five years, no company with its eye on the bottom line would dare invest in new plant and equipment. GM might be ready to make more cars, but who can afford to finance them? And high interest rates are not only damaging the domestic economy; they are seriously eroding our capacity to compete abroad. They have made American

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products more expensive for foreigners to buy—and foreign products cheaper for those Americans with money to spend. U.S. exports are down, while the domestic market has been flooded with low-priced foreign goods. Reagan's policy thus makes the recession all the worse. The Administration has treated the fight against inflation as if it were an end in itself. It is not, and neither is increasing investment through tax cuts. Both policies should be means toward the end of increasing our standard of living. That is the final test of an economic policy. Tight money lowers today's standard of living in the name of raising tomorrow's. But tomorrow increasingly seems to recede into the future. For those who are thrown out of work, there are no tomorrows.

ANY SHORT-TERM emergency recovery program must be premised on promptly bringing interest rates down. The country needs interest rates in the range of 7 percent (the prime rate is now 16 percent). But even rates as high as 9 or 10 percent would unleash pent-up consumer demand, and make our goods more attractive abroad. Mr. Volcker warns that the budget deficit must be cut before rates come down. A prudent conservative government would set about doing that by looking for revenue sources, bringing discipline to its defense proposals, taxing foreign oil, and perhaps even freezing existing programs at last year's levels.

We think it's a mistake, however, for liberals to become fixated on the budget. We need to keep in mind that even this high deficit is smaller in comparison to our GNP than those commonly run up by Germany and Japan. These countries tolerate high deficits because they have established institutional brakes against inflation. We need similar brakes. To replace this ruinous monetary policy, we recommend a tax-based incomes policy that would tax wage rates and price increases that exceed a targeted figure based on an acceptable rate of inflation. Such a policy would require little in the way of bureaucracy, and, unlike tight money, would be entirely consistent with maintaining healthy demand.

Second, if President Reagan's predictions of an economic upturn do not materialize soon, then Congress should push for an emergency public works program to help provide jobs for the unemployed and to rebuild our decaying infrastructure. In a recent report entitled "America in Ruins," the National Governors Association points out that between 1972 and 1979 there was a 21-percent decrease in infrastructure investment: the roads, ports, bridges, sewers, and subways, all of which contribute to our national productivity. In putting unemployed workers back to work repairing our infrastructure, we would be tackling a job we have to do sooner or later. Ideally, we should wait until prosperity gives us surpluses, but supply-side economics may give us no prosperity at all. If that proves so, creating new jobs in public works would increase demand, which in turn would mean more sales and new investment. Depending on wage levels, the money spent on wages might be more than offset by the saving of the $10 billion in federal services now spent for every percentage point of unemployment. Rather than paying people to be idle, we would be paying them to perform critical and long-neglected services. During the Depression, FDR put three million people to work, building roads and public buildings that we still use. We aren't in a Depression now, but the need for a temporary program may arise. If instituted, the program could be reviewed in a year or eighteen months, by which time real recovery—spurred by lower interest rates and rising demand—should have taken place. There would remain the challenge of matching workers with new jobs in the private sector, but that is a long-range problem involving education and retraining and not part of the immediate crisis.

Putting the unemployed back to work is not just an economic measure. It is also a social and moral measure. Study after study confirms what anyone with sympathy and imagination knows intuitively—that unemployment is a human tragedy. Its malign social effects include crime, mental and physical illness, family breakups, and child abuse. The millions now out of work, their families and communities, are casualties in the Reagan-Volcker war against inflation.

LOWERING interest rates, a tax-based incomes policy to contain inflation, and a public works program to put people back to work are all short-term measures to restore prosperity. In the longer term, we need investment which will restore our productive strength and improve our standard of living. Supply-side tax cuts are not producing investment. Regional development banks might by providing low-interest, long-term loans to promising industries in various areas of the country. These banks would finance themselves through government-guaranteed bonds and shares of stock. Their role would be to help industries adjust to changes in the world market which require us to transform the nature of our production. As Robert Reich recently pointed out in these pages, "The only way industrialized nations can increase their citizens' standard of living in the future is to concentrate production in high technologies (like semi-conductors, fiber optics, lasers, biotechnology, and robotics) and in high-value 'niches' within heavy industry (like steel mini-mills, numerically controlled machine tools, special chemicals, and automobile components)" ("The Agenda After Reagan: Industrial Policy," TNR, March 31). Reich concluded with the warning that "the real choice is either rapid adjustment of the national economy to the changes in the world market or protection of the national economy from the world market."

We are well aware that this ideologically straitjacketed Administration will oppose these proposals. But the Democrats control the House, and next No-

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vember they may gain seats in the Senate. Democrats traditionally have been the party of prosperity and justice. If they want to fulfill their heritage, they need to act in the present crisis by proposing ways out of it.

The hyperinflation of the 1970s and the present monetarist triage together threaten public confidence that any government can cope with the U.S. economy. The Democrats must offer their best alternatives based on realism, of course, but also based on prosperity and justice.

NOTEBOOK

□ THE NEW REPUBLIC is one of six winners of the 1982 Missouri Medal for Distinguished Service in Journalism, which has been awarded annually for fifty-two years. The medal will be presented to Editor-in-Chief Martin Peretz at the University of Missouri in Columbia. Two other institutions will receive the award—National Public Radio and the *Kansas City Star*—as well as three individuals: Jonathan Kwitny, reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*; David Bradley Sr., chairman of the News-Press and Gazette Company of St. Joseph, Missouri; and William Raidt, vice chairman of D'Arcy-MacManus & Masius Worldwide, an advertising agency. A special honor medal is also being awarded to the CBS television drama "Lou Grant."

□ COMMUNIST REGIMES generally come in two varieties: those like the Soviet Union, ruled by bureaucracies, and those like Cuba, ruled by charismatic leaders. General Jaruzelski's neat little army coup in Poland did more than make the trains run on time. It gave the world a new variety of Communist regime: the army dictatorship. Since this arrangement violates the major canons of Marxist theory, some were predicting that it couldn't last long, that such contradictions must lead to instability. Thus far, however, Jaruzelski seems to be doing quite well. But now the theoreticians have an even greater problem on their hands. North Korea has come up with a fourth variation on Communism: the Communist monarchy. Kim Il Sung, aged 70, whose Mao-like powers to levitate, heal, and perform other assorted materialist miracles show no signs of ebbing, appears to be experiencing intimations of mortality. Accordingly, he is in the midst of an immensely drawn-out campaign to have his son, Kim Jong Il, succeed him. Historians will note that the coronation will happen about two centuries after the French bourgeoisie thought it had abolished monarchy once and for all. In the meantime, we are awaiting the coming of a fifth type of Communism: Communist democracy, as yet proclaimed only in the Democratic Republic of Southern Yemen.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The Geneva conference on limitation of armament, which has been a melancholy spectacle of futility ever since it began, probably reached its lowest point when Ambassador Hugh Gibson, on behalf of the United States, offered a proposal for the abolition of tanks, heavy mobile guns and poison gas. These suggestions had already been made, both by the French and the British, as a part of far wider plans; and even the suggestions of these two countries sound like a popgun compared with the Russian demand that all armament should be abolished. Mr. Gibson, and everyone else, know that the chances are a hundred to one against any real reduction of armament at the Geneva conference, the most important reason being that the United States is not prepared to pay the very high price which France demands before she will consent. Under the circumstances, the American proposal can only be considered a bit of international propaganda. As such, it can deceive only the most credulous." ("The Week," April 20, 1932.)

ON THE HILL

TAILPIPE JOHNNY

PRESIDENT REAGAN, who told us during his campaign that most air pollution comes from trees, who promised to invite the coal and steel industries in to rewrite the Clean Air Act, and who declared that air pollution was "substantially" controlled the same day that dozens of Los Angeles residents were admitted to hospitals because of a smog alert, has found a soulmate on this issue from an unexpected quarter. He is John Dingell, Democrat of Michigan, the chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee.

Most Democrats agree that a tough clean air law will be one of their most important political issues in the coming year. But it was partly at Dingell's urging that Reagan decided last summer not to send his own legislative proposals for revising the Clean Air Act to Capitol Hill, and instead simply endorsed a vague set of "principles" (see "The Clean Air Wheeze," TNR, August 22 & 29, 1981). Reagan officials said at the time that they planned to work behind the scenes to produce "bipartisan" clean air legislation. In mid-December, Dingell joined House Republicans, including James Broyhill of North Carolina, in introducing sixty-two pages of amendments to the Clean Air Act. The Dingell-Broyhill bill, which Office of Management and Budget spokesman Ed Dale says was drafted with Administration "aid and comfort," would relax auto

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FACTS ON AWACS

To the editors:

With regard to the portion of the article, "The Petrodollar Connection" (TNR, February 17), referring to my supposed role in the Awacs approval vote by the Senate, may I begin by saying that you liberals may decry McCarthyism when practiced by others, but you certainly do know how to practice it yourself!

To put it as mildly as I know how, your writer, Steven Emerson, is a liar.

First, this association took no part in the lobbying efforts on behalf of the Awacs approval vote. Second, I have never been to a meeting of the Business Roundtable in my life; nor have I ever had any communication whatsoever with the Business Roundtable on this subject. Third, although I was in Egypt in November, I never spoke to a single Egyptian outside of the people one normally deals with when visiting another country. I certainly never spoke with a single Egyptian on the matter of "generating business" for my members!

Let's examine the three points above:

(1) Yes, I did communicate with a single senator, asking him to vote for the Awacs approval. I did this on my own, as an American citizen, and as one who strongly supports President Reagan. The association has never taken a position for or against the sale of Awacs to the Saudis.

(2) When Mr. Emerson called me and accused me of having met with the Business Roundtable, I assured him he was incorrect. I do know John Post, executive director of the Business Roundtable, but I have never spoken with John Post on this subject in my life. Mr. Emerson's source in this particular regard is as big a liar as Mr. Emerson is!

(3) A committee of this association holds its annual meeting in November of each year all over the world. This committee met in Egypt last November, and I have forty witnesses to the fact that our meeting was limited to the association's business and that none of us ever gave any thought to "generating business" in the Middle East!

All of this was carefully explained to Mr. Emerson when he interviewed me by phone. I did gladly advise him that I had (when he asked me about it) received a letter of appreciation from President Reagan, but that is as far as the truth goes in the portion of his article concerning myself. Mr. Emerson should begin writing for the *Washington Post*—he could win a Pulitzer Prize with his fabrications!

Joe M. Baker Jr.
Executive Vice President
Association of the Wall and Ceiling Industries-International
Washington, D.C.

Steven Emerson replies:

There were no "fabrications" in my article. Mr. Baker says he has never been to a meeting of the Business Roundtable. My report came from two sources, both of whom told me that he attended at least one meeting on Awacs lobbying in the offices of the Business Roundtable. As for the trip to Egypt, Mr. Baker told me about it in the same context as a trip he took to Egypt several years earlier in an effort to "lure contracts." If my sources and my interpretation of Mr. Baker's remarks were incorrect, it was not due to fabrications or McCarthyism.

BELL LETTRES

To the editors:

Bob Kuttner's review of recent events in the telecommunications industry distorts the Bell System's effort to maintain its commitment to reliable, affordable, and universally available telephone service ("Ma Bell's Broken Home," TNR, March 17).

Aside from that, he really leaves us only two issues to chew on: can Bell in the postdivestiture world use its position in the market to undermine its competitors? And will the local phone companies, after Consent Decree divestiture, succeed on their own? To the former, we say no, and to the latter, a resounding yes.

Real competition for intercity phone service exists today. We and others have estimated that our share of the long distance market revenues will be less than 50 percent by the mid-1980s. As to the cross-subsidy question, as you know, we are already compelled to establish a fully separate subsidiary to offer competitive services, except basic long distance service.

One reason for AT&T's declining share of long distance revenues will be the shift of some of that business to the divested local companies. They will serve exchange areas that are much larger than today's, and rates for those new areas will be determined by local companies and their regulators. But those rates won't be without support from long distance revenues. Any company, including AT&T, that wants to reach the local phone user will have to pay the local company a fee for use of its facilities.

The breaking up of the Bell System was certainly not the Bell System's idea, but public consensus indicated divestiture was the course to follow. And this we will do, with every intention of making it work for the benefit of our employees, share owners, and, most of all, the American telecommunications user.

William P. Mullane Jr.
Assistant Vice President
AT&T
New York, New York

To the editors:

Bob Kuttner's gloomy views of the future of companies like New Jersey Bell after divestiture from AT&T is completely out of phase with mine and those of my colleagues who, like me, are presidents of Bell Operating Companies.

We will miss the Bell System relationships that have developed over the years, but we have the technology, the skilled people to use it, and the customers to buy it. Among the new technologies available to us are, for example, cellular radio, fiber optics, and digital switching capabilities.

In addition, we will be the gateways to local customers for Information Age services, the vital links in providing communications: video teleconferencing; sensor-oriented services; data communications; electronic mail transmission; and electronic banking and shopping from the home.

In short, we see the postdivestiture world as a challenging test of our abilities to do what we do best.

Rocco J. Marano, President
New Jersey Bell
Newark, New Jersey

Bob Kuttner replies:

As for Mr. Mullane, it is hard to see how Bell's long distance share will drop from its present 97 percent to 50 percent in just three years. Is AT&T now welcoming long distance competition? If so,

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tailpipe standards, sharply curtail federal enforcement of pollution standards, and ease controls on new industrial sources of pollution. Dingell has been so animated in his support of the bill that he was dubbed "Tailpipe Johnny" by Illinois Republican Edward Madigan.

California Democrat Henry Waxman, chairman of the energy subcommittee on health, charges that the Dingell-Broyhill legislation would cripple the Clean Air Act, which has produced a major clean-up since its enactment in the environmental fervor of 1970. Urban levels of sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, soot, and lead have all declined significantly despite increases in population, auto use, and industrial development. Cars now being sold emit 90 percent less carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons than pre-1970 models, and most new industrial sources of pollution must use effective controls. The Council on Environmental Quality concluded that the resulting clean-up is preventing about 14,000 premature deaths and saving at least $21 billion each year through lower hospital bills and reduced damage to agriculture and property. The National Commission on Air Quality—on which both Dingell and Broyhill served—concluded last year that environmental progress has been achieved without shutting down plants or harming the economy, while permitting ample development of coal and other domestic energy resources. The recent upsurge in unemployment has prompted industry lobbyists to claim the law must be amended in order to create jobs. But the National Commission and other studies have concluded that the law actually has helped reduce unemployment by creating several hundred thousand jobs in the pollution equipment industry.

THE CLEAN AIR ACT has received justifiable criticism on several counts. Even environmentalists concede that some existing regulations are unnecessarily complex and need legislative pruning, especially to speed permits for new energy projects. Cancer-causing pollutants like benzo(a)pyrene remain essentially unregulated, and there is no law addressing the growing problem of acid rain, which has poisoned hundreds of Northeast U.S. and Canadian lakes. Waxman has introduced what he calls a "moderate" bill that would make precisely the kinds of constructive changes needed, with the possible exception of his acid rain control proposals, which may be too complex to administer efficiently. The Waxman amendments would simplify existing regulations, require the EPA to take prompt action to control toxic air pollutants, and reduce acid rain-causing emissions. But Waxman faces a stiff challenge from Dingell.

Dingell says he wants merely to "streamline" the law, but the Dingell-Broyhill amendments would compound rather than solve the remaining problems. The proposed auto provisions would permit new cars to spew forth twice as much carbon monoxide and nitrogen oxides pollution as 1981 and 1982 models, and would permit the EPA to relax the standards even further for up to 200,000 vehicles per manufacturer each year. It would reduce warranty protections for consumers and weaken future truck emission standards. According to one EPA expert, the bill would also effectively gut the EPA's auto recall program, and would legalize carburetor adjustments that increase pollution. Finally, it would repeal current auto inspection requirements for cities like Los Angeles, New York, Denver, and Washington that still violate health-based standards.

IN ADDITION to softening the auto provisions in the Clean Air Act, the Dingell-Broyhill amendment proposes major changes in laws aimed at factories and heavy industry. The bill would permit the EPA to postpone until the end of 1993 the deadline for achieving health-based air standards, and would weaken control requirements for new industrial plants. Consistent with Reagan's new federalism, the bill would delegate more authority to state governments and would weaken federal powers to punish negligent states. Though ostensibly designed to simplify federal review of state decisions, the Dingell-Broyhill bill actually would make the federal review process even more complicated, and possibly lead to increased litigation.

The Dingell-Broyhill bill would adopt the Reagan proposal to abolish current special pollution limits in rural and other areas that are cleaner than the national standard, and would officially sanction five times as much pollution in large national parks and wilderness areas. And although even the Reagan Administration has called for more research on acid rain, the Dingell-Broyhill plan calls for relaxing standards for autos and coal-fired industrial boilers. Both the conservative National Academy of Sciences and the National Commission on Air Quality have urged major reductions in sulfur and nitrogen pollution to arrest the threat to lakes and streams posed by acid rain.

Dingell argues that the existing law poses a "major problem" for the auto industry. It's understandable that he wants to aid his beleaguered constituents, including the Ford Motor Company, which has its headquarters in his Dearborn district. But Ford itself says the Dingell-Broyhill proposal to double tailpipe pollution would knock only $80 off the sticker price of a new car—far too little to stimulate sales, according to Arvid Jouppi, a leading Wall Street analyst, who noted in House testimony that Japanese and German imports must meet the same standards as American-made cars.

Additional cost reductions could be obtained only by removing sophisticated electronic controls that help 1981-1982 cars improve fuel economy, a change which General Motors said could save as much as $300 to $350 per car. But Alfred Warren Jr., chief negotiator for GM in its contract talks with the United Auto

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Workers, recently said that the company believes a price cut of $1,000 to $1,200 is needed to boost sales. Even Michigan Democrat William Brodhead, an avid auto industry supporter, concedes that regulations on tailpipe exhaust have a minimal impact on the auto industry compared to high interest rates and a sluggish economy. A Congressional Research Service report concludes that relaxed auto standards could in the end harm, rather than relieve, vulnerable segments of the domestic auto industry, by encouraging sales of inherently dirtier diesels—sold by General Motors and Volkswagen and planned by Japanese importers—at the expense of Ford, Chrysler, and American Motors, which don't plan to produce diesels.

Dingell aides have said their boss is less concerned with helping the auto industry than with avenging a major legislative defeat in 1977. That year, Dingell and Broyhill persuaded the House to relax auto standards, but were beaten in a highly emotional conference committee by pro-environment Senators led by Edmund Muskie. Dingell underlined that attitude in a tense, face-to-face encounter with Waxman, in which he expressed open hatred of the environmentalists who helped engineer his 1977 defeat.

Pressure from Dingell has prompted Waxman to begin drafting sessions in his subcommittee. Dingell and Broyhill expect to win in the Energy Committee, which is more conservative than the House as a whole. Most committee Republicans will vote as a bloc to support the President, as will Dingell and some other Democrats, such as Thomas Luken of Ohio; and boll weevils Phil Gramm of Texas and Richard Shelby of Alabama have said they will side with the committee chairman. Waxman has an outside chance of beating Dingell in committee on the crucial auto issue if he can win over waivering Democrats like Albert Gore of Tennessee, Phil Sharp of Indiana, and James Santini of Nevada.

WAXMAN MAY stand a better chance of success in unifying Democrats on the House floor, but only if he can convince party leaders to back him up. Waxman and Dingell have both sought support from Speaker Tip O'Neill, but O'Neill has been reluctant to take sides. The House environmental task force that has been assigned to draft official Democratic positions on the environment has had a hard time reconciling the positions of Waxman and Dingell, who are both task force members. At a February 26 task force meeting, according to New York Democrat Stanley Lundine, Dingell forcefully urged the panel to eliminate sharp criticism of Reagan's environmental policies contained in a draft policy statement. Dingell added that the clean air law had caused unemployment in the auto industry, and made it vulnerable to imports from "the little yellow people." The Democratic National Committee, in contrast, adopted a resolution in late March which basically supports Waxman's stand.

Vice President George Bush and White House chief of staff James A. Baker III have persistently lobbied members of the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee, but committee chairman Robert Stafford of Vermont has not shifted his position on the subject. Stafford is working closely with committee Democrats like Gary Hart of Colorado, an outspoken proponent of stiff clean air standards, but staff aides predict they will produce only minor—though in some cases tougher—changes in the law. Stafford says his own environmentalist inclinations also amount to smart politics, since Reagan's position could make this a "dandy" issue for Democrats to exploit. But if House Democrats fail to exploit it, this year's conference committee on clean air could prove to be one of the year's strangest political events—with the President supporting a Democratic-controlled House position against a pro-environment Republican Senate bill.

FRANK O'DONNELL

Frank O'Donnell is a reporter with Pasha Publications, a private company that specializes in energy newsletters.

From pop promoter to self-promoter.

MIKE CURB'S HIT PARADE

Los Angeles

ON A SUNNY afternoon in May 1979, a dark blue, chauffeured limousine raced down the highway from San Francisco to Sacramento, reportedly running four red lights and hitting speeds of 90 miles per hour. California's Republican Lieutenant Governor, Mike Curb, was out on one of his frequent missions to defy Governor Jerry Brown, who had been in Washington, D.C., on state business. Brown's DC-10 was due to enter California airspace at any moment, and when it did, Curb would no longer have the power as acting governor to sign his executive order easing pollution standards. So, breaking the law in order to make one, Curb sped off to the state capitol. As it turned out, the winds were with Brown, and his jet crossed the state line just two minutes before Curb penned his name.

Thirty-six-year-old Mike Curb has been a political Dennis the Menace since he was elected in 1978. He has transformed a traditionally innocuous post into one that has attracted national media attention, principally through his mischievous attempts to undermine the liberal policies of Jerry Brown. Today he is a prime

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contender in the state's 1982 gubernatorial race. Despite the adverse publicity he has received, many believe Curb will be in Nancy Reagan's million-dollar governor's mansion next spring.

How has Curb survived the repeated accusations of antic opportunism? His supporters insist that he has only done what any loyal Republican would do in his position. His election marked the first time since 1894 that Californians voted in a split ticket, matching a Democratic Governor with a Republican Lieutenant Governor. Curb became his party's executive gadfly, bewailing the deficiencies of the Brown administration at every opportunity. Less than a year on the job, he was accusing Brown's much-praised Coastal Commission of "nearing socialism," and demagogically attributing labor problems in the state's agricultural sector to Brown's friendship with farm labor leader Cesar Chavez. When Brown appointed Tom Hayden to the Federal Border Commission, Curb charged that Hayden and his wife Jane Fonda were "burning buses and setting fire to things" at the 1972 Republican National Convention. But Curb was unable to back his charges. He eventually was forced to restrain his political shenanigans after a California Supreme Court battle with Brown over a judicial appointment he made while the Governor was in New England campaigning for the Presidency. Although the court finally ruled in Curb's favor, the fight lasted weeks and made national headlines, causing Curb to take a tumble in the polls.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MIKE CURB (UPI)

The other reason fellow Republicans have not been swayed by the bad press Curb has received is that, in their eyes, he still represents the American *Wunderkind*—both morally and financially. His image is that of a hard-working, squeaky-clean entrepreneur who made his fortune by promoting wholesome American values. Formerly one of the nation's most successful record producers, Curb is credited as "the man who cleaned up rock'n'roll." In the late 1960s and early 1970s, when commercial music began to branch out from traditional rock 'n' roll, Curb was at the vanguard of a new sound called bubble gum—an insipid white people's version of soul. Curb became a multimillionaire by producing hits such as Debby Boone's "You Light Up My Life," and by making Shaun Cassidy and the Osmond family what they are today. The message of bubble gum was antidrug, antisex, prolife, pro-establishment—in essence, a direct repudiation of all that the music business previously stood for. Curb pretended to personify the message. As the twenty-five-year-old president of MGM records, Mike Curb denounced drug use, and pledged to drop any group that he discovered taking them. He became known as "the sixth Osmond," not only for his friendship with his family, but also for what appeared to be his Mormon-like morality. To California Republicans, he was an all-American success story, a testimony to the American dream.

Curb took his political persona from bubble-gum music, and bubble-gum music gave Curb his political opening. His rise to power illustrates the music industry's increasing influence in politics. Because of a loophole in the Federal Election Campaign Act, the music business has become one of the most important fundraising machines in national politics. The laws stipulate that no individual can contribute more than $1,000 to any one candidate—except individuals in show business, that is. Entertainers are allowed to

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donate the entire proceeds of their performances to whomever they choose, and as often as they choose. What's more, under the law the government is required to match the entertainer's contribution. This explains why Jimmy Carter campaigned with the Allman Brothers and the Charlie Daniels Band at his side, and why, in large part, Jerry Brown gets Linda and the Eagles to play benefit concerts for him whenever he runs. Indeed, pop stars have been used to raise money for Presidential aspirants ever since George McGovern first flirted with Peter, Paul & Mary.

Long-haired rock bands are fine for Democrats, but Republicans favor more respectable fare. Enter Mike Curb. His recording artists sang songs of love and patriotism, and could regenerate a youthful image for the party without offending conservative sensibilities. In the early 1970s, Curb began to receive requests to provide entertainment for local Republican functions. In those days, Curb even had his own group: the Mike Curb Congregation. He and his leisure-suited pals, as well as other Republican rockers, performed at dozens of events. In 1972 Michael Viner, a business associate with ties to the White House, introduced Curb to Richard Nixon. Later that same year, Curb got Sammy Davis Jr. to perform for Nixon at a Miami Beach rally during the Republican National Convention, and employed the Congregation as a back-up band. It was the crescendo of Nixon's campaign, and one that changed Curb's life. From then on, he was a recognized figure in the Republican Party. He provided talent for a variety of events, and played at many of them himself, including a state dinner for King Hussein in 1973.

Curb's political power was consolidated when the campaign contribution laws went into effect. He later became Republican national committeeman and then Ronald Reagan's California campaign chairman in 1976. When Reagan lost out that year, Curb served as co-chairman of the Ford-Dole Executive Committee in the state. But most important to Curb's political future was his association with an elite Republican organization called the Statesmen, for which he was chief fundraiser and chairman in 1974. Through the Statesmen, Curb met Holmes Tuttle, Justin Dart, Henry Salvatori, and Earle Jorgensen—the same Republican power-brokers who made Reagan Governor. In California they're known as "the Kingmakers" because of their reputation for maneuvering people they like into prominent political positions and scaring off people they don't. They like Mike Curb. "He is one of those guys who makes his life's fortune by being nice to grandmothers. They see in Curb the next Ronald Reagan. He's like a surrogate son to some of them," explained one political journalist. Curb also curried the favors of more visible members of Reagan's entourage. Among those who worked for and contributed to Curb's 1978 campaign are Edwin Meese, William French Smith, and Michael Deaver.

So when Curb decided to run for Lieutenant Governor in 1978, he had plenty of powerful friends to help him along. He also had plenty of IOUs to cash in from all those years of being the Republican Party's talent scout. He secured the support of most Republicans who were running for statewide office, and with the exception of Assemblyman Mike Antonovich, went unopposed in the primary. He was hyped by Republicans as the man who could unite the party, acting as their link to the long-alienated youth of the country. He was the Pepsi generation's Ronald Reagan. Today Curb is relying upon this image to win the gubernatorial race, often dropping Reagan's name more than a dozen times in a single stump speech. "I'm the only candidate in this race who is not a career politician," boasts Curb, playing upon Reagan's old "citizen's politician" theme.

YET CURB FACES three great obstacles which may block his election. First, Curb has had relatively little political experience, and continues to have a hard time articulating, let alone conceptualizing, political issues. When confronted with direct questions such as where he differs on the issues with his Republican opponent Attorney General George Deukmejian, he sidesteps by muttering seemingly prerecorded platitudes without the least conviction. "I think the major issue between the two of us will be do we want a career politician approach, kind of going along with the basic form of programs we've had for the last twenty or thirty years, or do we want to take the Prop 13, Ronald Reagan-type approach. By that, I mean representing the taxpayer first and foremost rather than, let's say, a legislative approach to the executive branch. I think that's the real difference between us." Curb is the quintessential ideological weathervane. In 1978 he portrayed himself as a moderate in order to defeat his conservative Republican opponent; today he calls himself a conservative to outflank his "moderate" competition.

Curb's activities as Lieutenant Governor hardly add up to the kind of strong, issue-oriented record that would guarantee his election. His attendance at the

COMING:
John Keegan on the
Falkland Islands.

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various boards and commissions on which the Lieutenant Governor sits by law has been spotty at best. Meanwhile, the California Commission on Agriculture, which Curb created to counter the official Board of Food and Agriculture, has the reputation of being packed in favor of big farming interests and designed to collect farm campaign money. Other commissions that Curb has created, such as his Commission on Citizen Participation in Government, have been either ineffective or of only dubious value.

THE SECOND problem Curb faces is integrity. In 1978 Curb and his campaign manager and business associate Ken Rietz (formerly of Nixon fame as the director of CREEP's "Kiddie Corps" and responsible for such dirty tricks as setting up spying operations on Edmund Muskie in 1972) ran one of the most unsavory campaigns in California history. Aggressively branding Mike Antonovich an "extremist," a "right-wing fanatic," and a member of the John Birch Society, Curb took out full-page ads in the papers the day before the primary claiming that Reagan and Ford supported him. This, as Antonovich later griped, "was an outright lie." After narrowly winning the primary by outspending Antonovich on the order of five to one, Curb launched into the Democratic incumbent, Mervyn Dymally, attacking him as a corrupt "career politician." Without any apparent justification, Curb declared that Dymally would soon be indicted for fraud by a federal investigation after the election. This triggered a sort of "can you top this" slander war between Curb and Dymally. The *Los Angeles Times* refused to endorse either candidate. A November 2 editorial stated: "The brawling campaigns of the Democratic incumbent, Mervyn Dymally, and his Republican challenger, Mike Curb, discredit the office they seek and the parties they represent. It is a tame day when they call each other nothing worse than a liar."

Moreover, a November 1978 *New West* article by Maureen Orth revealed that, as a record executive, Curb had been sued more than a dozen times for breach of contract, copyright violations, and failing to pay his performers; and had been accused of other questionable business practices. Curb's past became a political liability when, one year into his term, the press reported that he was under investigation by state Attorney General Deukmejian for back-door record sales to organized crime figures. The affair lasted six months, almost destroying Curb's career, but the probe was eventually dropped because of insufficient evidence.

Even Curb's choir-boy morality has proven suspect. Curb's musical taste has not been limited to wholesome bubble gum. In the late 1960s, he produced such collectors' items as "These Are the Hits, You Silly Savages," by Teddy and Darrel, whose cover and songs depict sadomasochistic fantasies. Another album Curb produced, "Teenage Rebellion," contains some tunes Curb wrote himself: "Pot Party," "A Young Girl's Mistake," and "Gay Teenager." The last one tells that "from the glory that was Greece to the decadence that was Rome, homosexuals have been both despised and idolized."

And finally, Curb has repeatedly cracked under political pressure. During his investigation by the Attorney General, for example, he acted like a man under siege, accusing reporters of being "out to get" him. "I'd never been accused of anything," Curb told *Los Angeles Times* reporter Larry Stammer at the time. "All of a sudden I go into politics, and the same group of people who were either fired or had blown their minds on drugs or who are insane in some way, or people who were born retarded or might have walked into the office at one time—those are the people constantly quoted and asked questions." As recently as last October, Curb lashed out at Linda Breakstone of the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* for writing an article which questioned the list of 130 individuals Curb claimed were his backers. Of the 46 people Breakstone had called, 18 either remained neutral or had not given their permission to have their names used. Two of the people, in fact, supported Curb's opponent. "I'm not going to take this sitting down," fumed Curb at a press conference. "I've said this before, but this time I mean it. I'm going to get you." The incident, which was reported nationally, bordered on political suicide. Curb played directly into Deukmejian's effort to make "immaturity" an issue, and as a result, Curb lost the comfortable lead he maintained in the polls. Perhaps Lyn Nofziger, who has left the White House to work as a paid political consultant for Curb, will be able to better control the Lieutenant Governor's self-destructive impulses.

HOW IS CURB faring today in his bid for the governorship? He appears to have recovered from the blows he suffered last October, and now is virtually even with Deukmejian. In fact, Curb recently fell just two votes short of the two-thirds majority required for endorsement by the California Republican Assembly. And despite his past mistakes, he has not lost the support of his wealthy friends in the entertainment world (Pat Boone and Casey Kasem especially), or of "the Kingmakers." "Mike's not the most brilliant guy I know, but he's got his head screwed on straight," said Justin Dart in a February interview with Bella Stumbo of the *Los Angeles Times*. Like the polyester suits he used to wear, Mike Curb has survived the tumbles and bounced back, on the whole, wrinkle free. His chances of winning the race now depend more on what he doesn't do than on what he does. If he can avoid discussing issues, and refrain from emotional outbursts, he may well convince Republicans to nominate a Ken-doll for governor.

MICHAEL A. LERNER

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The freeze bandwagon is rolling, with politicians in hot pursuit.

DISARMING PROPOSALS

BY PETER PRINGLE

IN THE MIDST of the furious activity over a nuclear weapons freeze, a small item appeared in the Food section of the *New York Times*, saying that American atomic scientists were considering using the atom to irradiate food to make it last longer. Now, this is an old idea. In the 1950s scientists administered short bursts of radiation to strawberries and oranges and found they could be kept longer without going bad. The same went for sweet cherries, prunes, apricots, and nectarines. The exception, for some unexplained reason, was the petulant lemon; it turned spongy and quickly rotted. At one point the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy became so excited about the procedure that it started an annual "Irradiated Food Luncheon," which was scrapped only after the Food and Drug Administration questioned the safety of food prepared in this way. What, one might ask, are these scientists doing now: trying again? Could it be that those fine minds at the Los Alamos and Livermore atomic laboratories, calculating that they could soon be out of a job if a nuclear weapons freeze is successful, are already looking for other ways to ply their trade? May I respectfully suggest that instead of being arms makers they could become arms controllers?

If there is a growth industry in America these days, it is arms control. The freeze idea is a boon to book publishing, and Capitol Hill has not seen such bandwagon-jumping since the ecology movement got launched with the original Earth Day. Congressional aides, ordered by their masters to draft a resolution ahead of all rivals, have produced an array of nuclear arms control measures ranging from a freeze, to major reductions of the arsenals, to a return to the SALT game, to carrying on with President Reagan's massive build-up of new nuclear weapons systems in hopes of negotiating with Russia from a stronger position. Sponsorship of these resolutions notably included several of the 1984 Presidential hopefuls. What a sight it's been: elected officials desperately trying to get on top of a grass-roots movement that had been growing right under their noses for the past eighteen months. To meet the challenge of drafting these proposals, members of Congress sought out a small, elite band known in the atomic world as professional arms controllers. Little known to the public, members of this profession sometimes are asked to work in government, and, if they are very lucky, to go to Geneva to talk to the Russians. Most of the time they write articles, pamphlets, newsletters, and, occasionally, books that are full of incomprehensible acronyms and jargon. They have largely been the tools of the government of the day. Suddenly they are central characters in a citizens' movement that has rediscovered the nuclear threat.

The original concept of the freeze developed in the summer of 1979 after the American Friends Service Committee became increasingly concerned that SALT II was not going to pass the Senate. The Quaker group looked around for people who could help it formulate an alternative that would not just moderate an ongoing arms race, but require both sides to stop the race. The Quakers arranged a meeting at the Princeton Club in New York attended by, among others, Richard Barnet of the Institute of Policy Studies and Randall Forsberg, the head of a small think tank in Massachusetts called the Institute for Defense and Disarmament Studies. The meeting concluded that a totally new approach was needed: instead of arguing about numbers of launchers and delivery systems, why not leave the numbers where they are now, stop the production of any new systems, and postpone the task of reducing the numbers?

During the next year, Ms. Forsberg made hundreds of speeches across the country, first to old peace groups, and then to the arms controllers, who had to be convinced of the merits of a freeze if the idea was ever to get off the ground. Ms. Forsberg, aged 37, is a veteran arms controller. She started as a secretary and then became an editor at the Stockholm Peace Research Institute, then went to MIT as a graduate student in defense policy under George Rathjens, one of the nation's foremost arms control scholars. After that she started her own institute, which provides peace groups with assessments of U.S. and Soviet force levels. One of her major projects has been to produce analyses of the Soviet threat to rival those of conservative military think tanks. Traditional arms controllers responded to Forsberg's proposal with caution. "What the freeze is asking," explained Jeremy Stone, director of the Federation of American Scientists, and one of the country's most liberal arms controllers, "is the severance of the

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DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

nerves and sinews of the nuclear establishment." Most of the arms controllers felt it was too radical a step to sell in Washington, let alone in Geneva. But there was a more fundamental problem: the elitist arms controllers were inordinately slow to realize that effective arms limitation could not be achieved without the support of a mass movement. And you could not rally a mass movement unless you had a goal that ordinary people could understand. After initial doubts, a few members of the arms control establishment did come out in support of the freeze, including George Kistiakowsky, scientific adviser to President Eisenhower, and Herbert York, who was Pentagon research director in the Eisenhower and early Kennedy Administrations. But others had reservations about how a freeze could be negotiated and verified.

In the fall of 1980, Forsberg began concentrating on organizing a mass movement. Randy Kehler, a former schoolteacher and antiwar activist, got the freeze resolution on the November ballot in three senate districts in Massachusetts, and it passed, even though these districts voted for Ronald Reagan for President. Kehler used regional officials of the AFSC as organizers for the freeze in New England. Publicity from the town meetings helped the movement explode nationally. By the beginning of this year almost three hundred town meetings in New England, more than thirty city councils, and six state legislatures had passed freeze resolutions. In California, half a million signatures have put the freeze on the ballot this November.

The European peace movement helped inspire the American one, and the Reagan Administration's bellicose statements about limited nuclear war inspired both. On both continents another key ingredient was the church. In the U.S., the Quakers, the Methodists, and other church groups with old peace credentials became advocates of the freeze at once. In the summer of 1981, a number of Catholic bishops also gave their support. In a purely political sense, the "conversion" of Bishop Leroy Matthiesen in Amarillo, Texas, was especially important. His diocese includes the government-owned Pantex assembly plant for all of America's nuclear weapons warheads. He consulted the Scriptures, papal pronouncements, and his own conscience, and declared the bomb factory off limits. He invited any Catholics working at Pantex to examine their consciences and, if they agreed with him, to try and find another job. With the help of donations from Catholics in Nebraska, he set up a fund to aid those who decided to leave the factory. He also schooled himself in nuclear matters and went around the country preaching about the freeze. To those who asked what had happened to Catholicism's traditional Just War doctrine, Matthiesen replied, "That was for another era. We are stewards of a world God created, and our task is to keep it good. We have messed it up in the past and now we are at a point when we can mess it up forever; we can literally undo creation."

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The freeze movement gained strength outside Washington in 1981, when Congress was on its conservative high. Politicians paid little or no attention. This year, though, as their mailbags have filled up with profreeze petitions, as Ronald Reagan's popularity fell, and as prolonged battles loomed over the defense budget, members of Congress began moving. Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, one of the first, produced a resolution called STOP which proposed measures to prevent accidental nuclear war. Except for an endorsement from this magazine, STOP sank without a trace. Representative Albert Gore of Tennessee suggested several measures for limiting land-based missiles. Representative Clement Zablocki of Wisconsin called for missile talks to get started.

ALL OF THESE efforts, though, have been eclipsed by the elaborately prepared introduction of a bipartisan freeze resolution by Republican Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon and Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts. It urges the United States and the Soviet Union to pursue a complete halt to the arms race, to negotiate a mutual and verifiable freeze on testing, production, and further deployment of nuclear arms, and then to pursue mutual and verifiable reductions in the strategic stockpiles. With great fanfare and 120 co-sponsors in Congress, plus some surprise outside supporters such as ex-CIA director William Colby (who said a freeze could be verifiable), the resolution was announced at American University's Kay Chapel, where two decades before, President Kennedy had called for a ban on atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons. As one reporter remarked, "These Kennedys don't miss a beat."

When Kennedy first told his staff that he wanted to prepare a draft resolution, some of them were skeptical on the basis of advice from traditional arms controllers. However, "Kennedy beat on all our heads," said one aide. "He was determined to reverse the retreat from arms control by the Reagan Administration." In typical Kennedy fashion, a number of professional defense experts and arms controllers, hawks and doves, were summoned to his court. Among them was James Woolsey, a former under secretary of the Navy, who declared himself against the freeze because arms could not be controlled so simply. Jeremy Stone was also against the freeze, but said after attending the second annual freeze gathering in Denver in mid-February that "the arms controllers will all have to join (the freeze movement) eventually, it's the only game in town."

Even before Hatfield and Kennedy had a chance to present their resolution, a counterproposal was prepared in the office of Senator Henry Jackson of Washington and co-sponsored by Senator John Warner of Virginia. A freeze on nuclear weapons, it said, should be imposed only after the superpowers negotiate "equal and sharply reduced levels of forces." Jackson's office sought to give the impression that the Administration had not been consulted in drafting the resolution, but most observers found this hard to believe, because Richard Perle, a top Pentagon aide, had been Jackson's military adviser. Warner later acknowledged that Perle had played "a small part."

For the first time since serious attempts were made to control the nuclear arms race through SALT, peace activists, politicians, and arms controllers have come up with an alternative that average citizens can understand. Instead of embracing the popular concept and dealing with the technicalities later, the Administration has vociferously repudiated its validity. It is said to be bad foreign policy and bad arms control. It doesn't go far enough and it leaves the Soviet Union ahead. President Reagan, clearly more baffled than usual by the subject, said he publicly supported the Jackson-Warner proposal because the Russians had better nuclear forces than we did—which a host of arms controllers said was rubbish and which Jackson himself later had to deny.

But some of the more enlightened arms controllers also are put off by the threat that the freeze poses to traditional methods of arms control. Representative Les Aspin of Wisconsin, for one, said that the Hatfield-Kennedy resolution would represent another abrupt shift in U.S. policy and that the U.S. should ratify the SALT II treaty and then move on to reductions.

WHAT THE organizers of the freeze movement set out to do—give the people a nuclear arms proposal they could understand—has been achieved. The Heightened Interest Department is overflowing: teams of reporters from all the major newspapers are roving around the country preparing series on the movement's progress. TV is energized. It is not exactly what Forsberg and Kehler had planned. Their strategy had anticipated a much lower profile until fall, when more people at the grass-roots level might be aboard. They planned no mass demonstrations, for example, and only a few weeks ago were reluctant even to take part in the huge peace rally now planned for New York on June 12, to coincide with the United Nations Second Session on Disarmament.

The original freezers also did not want to be too closely identified with the older, more radical parts of the peace movement which are organizing the New York march. Now that has changed. "We will be playing a major part in the demonstration," said Forsberg. The change is largely due to Kennedy. He made "the freeze" a national buzzword. A key question now is whether that will be bad or good for the movement; when Kennedy announced his resolution he doubled the list of freeze supporters from the arms control community. Another question is whether a potential Presidential candidate's presence at the head of a mass movement is good for the movement—or the candidate.

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There are riches on the ocean floor, and the Law of the Sea may keep them there.

UNDERWATER PLUNDER

BY STEPHEN CHAPMAN

When the Reagan Administration withdrew from the international negotiations on the Law of the Sea Treaty in March of 1981 to reevaluate U.S. policy, the reaction in the nation's editorial columns was almost unanimously negative. The *New York Times* accused the President of undermining the "good faith and credibility of the United States as a negotiator," and fretted that "the work of four Administrations is likely to be washed away." The *Washington Post* offered its customary echo, complaining that, despite the Administration's "prickly attitude," it had not identified "a single specific defect in the old terms." Even the *Chicago Tribune*, which rarely mimics the organs of the Eastern establishment, warned, "If we're willing to junk everything just to let our mining companies carry on free as pirates, we're going to find the sea a very lonely place."

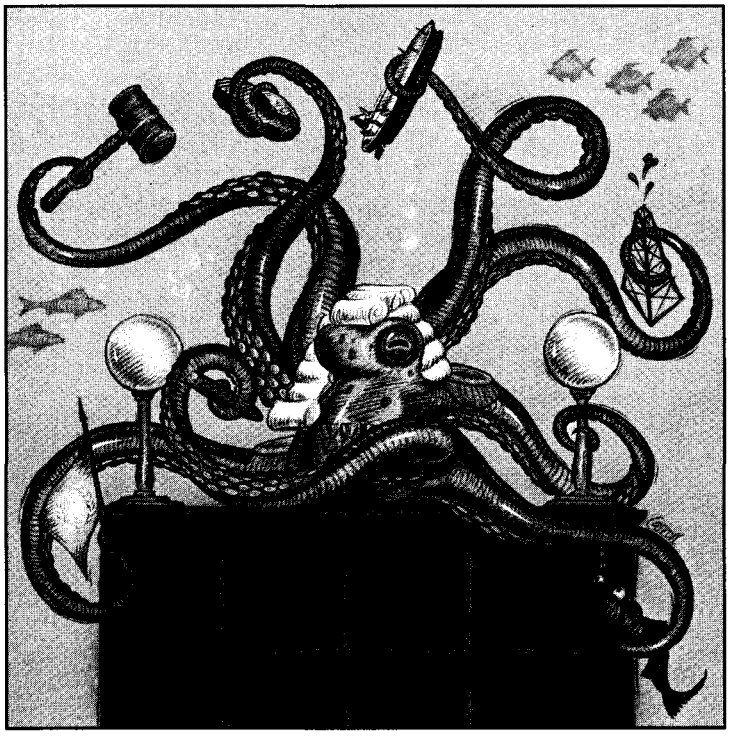

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN CARROLL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

These comments reveal more about the credulity of the American press than about the merits of the Law of the Sea Treaty. Third world leaders have skillfully portrayed the Administration's resistance to their demands as part of an effort by rapacious Western mining interests to plunder the riches of the ocean floor at the expense of the world's poor. Anyone who has followed past debates over North-South issues will not be surprised to learn that the truth is considerably different. In fact, it is the Reagan Administration which is resisting the third world's attempted plunder—using the word in the precise sense of taking by force what others have produced. The Law of the Sea Treaty, in its present form, is the first step toward the inauguration of the New International Economic Order. Its more extreme advocates count this as a virtue. As part of the program to redistribute the world's wealth, and as a full employment program for international lawyers, the treaty makes perfect sense. But by the standards of liberal individualism or Western self-interest, it makes none at all.

The current United Nations Conference on the Law of the Sea began in 1973. It arose out of two historic developments. The first was the postwar trend toward the expansion of the territorial limits claimed by coastal nations. This began in 1945, with President Truman's claim to exclusive rights over the resources of the continental shelf. Soon many coastal nations, including the U.S., began to extend not only their economic claims but also their territorial ones—a touchier subject, since it posed a threat to the traditional freedom granted to navigation. The trend also had obvious military implications, particularly in areas, like the Middle East, which have many narrow straits. More than two-thirds of all coastal states now claim territorial limits of twelve miles or more, a drastic expansion of the three-mile limit which prevailed before World War II.

The second development came in the form of technological advances that, for the first time, raised the possibility of extracting minerals from the seabed. Some 1.5 trillion tons of manganese, nickel, copper, and cobalt are estimated to lie on the seabed in potato-sized nodules, the bulk of them in the Pacific Ocean.

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Seabed mining isn't expected to amount to much before the end of the century, due to its high cost, but as land-based sources of these minerals are depleted it will undoubtedly grow in importance.

No one denies the potential value of an international agreement to protect navigational freedom and provide rules for developing the ocean's mineral deposits. But the treaty implies considerably more than that. It does include generally liberal rules for navigation, forestalling the global trend toward "territorialism," a prime objective of the U.S., whose policy has generally reflected the military needs of the Pentagon. Unfortunately the agreement also establishes a new regime to govern seabed mining—or, more precisely, to keep it to a minimum. This is the price demanded by most of the third world nations—the so-called "Group of 77," though it now includes more than one hundred nations—for the modest advances on territorial restrictions.

THE TREATY ESTABLISHES an International Sea-Bed Authority—an unelected, self-supporting bureaucracy with almost unlimited control over the fate of two-thirds of the earth's surface. It would answer to a thirty-six-nation governing council and an assembly, which are modeled on the U.N. Security Council and General Assembly. It's safe to assume it would be run by the sorts of international lawyers and bureaucrats who have negotiated the treaty. "All rights in the resources of the Area [the seabed] are vested in mankind as a whole, on whose behalf the Authority shall act," says the treaty. It would do so through an alarming collection of powers, all intended to guarantee the poor nations of the world a share of what the industrialized West will produce. There are at least three problems with this attempt at redistribution. The first is that it will discourage real economic development by making parasitism comparatively more profitable. The second is that the redistribution will channel money, not to the billions of poor people in the third world, but to their governments, few of which are democratic and many of which are corrupt and self-serving. The third is that it will eliminate most prospective mining, meaning there will be very little revenue to divvy up. Half of nothing is still nothing.

Most of the treaty's provisions appear designed to positively discourage exploitation of the seabed. To get an exploration contract, a mining company would have to provide the Sea-Bed Authority with extensive information on two different mineral sites, to be gathered at considerable cost to itself. The Authority would have the right to claim either of them for its own mining concern, the Enterprise. (Presumably it wouldn't choose the worse one.) The other site might be awarded to the mining firm, but it might also be given to the Enterprise, or to a poor nation. Getting an exploration contract, in any case, would not permit the company to raise a single nodule. To do that, the firm would have to apply all over again, which, the treaty emphasizes, is no mere formality. For one thing, the company would have to agree to "sell" its technology to the Authority or anyone it designates, at a price determined through "negotiations" with the Authority. In these negotiations, of course, the Authority would retain the ultimate leverage, namely, the power to deny the right to mine.

If this second application is approved, the company then would be allowed to remove minerals from the site at an authorized rate. The rate would be explicitly calculated to protect land-based producers: one purpose of the Authority's regulation is the "protection of developing countries from adverse effects on their economies or their export earnings resulting from a reduction in the price of an affected mineral. . . ." The idea is to foster several mineral cartels dominated by third world nations—replicas, in other words, of OPEC. The immediate benefits would fall to such countries as the Soviet Union and Gabon (the biggest exporters of manganese), Zaire and Zambia (cobalt), Canada (nickel), and Chile (copper). Most developing nations would be hurt by such cartels, but much less than the industrialized world, whose industry requires these minerals. Moreover, those third world countries with other natural resources see the chance for establishing their own cartels if a landmark precedent is set in this treaty. That's why none of the third world delegates seem disturbed that the treaty may severely inhibit the development of the seabed's resources. Cartelizing the world's important minerals and other commodities may place heavy burdens on the world's poor consumers. But it will greatly enhance the resources and power of their governments, which is why they are lobbying so ardently for these harmful provisions.

AT ALL STAGES of the project, the Authority would retain almost unchecked regulatory powers. And the mining company would be subject to stiff levies, including a $1 million fee every year until production begins, and taxes as high as 50 percent. The Authority's representation formula gives no hope that it will protect Western interests. Its governing council would be weighted toward overrepresenting the third world and the Soviet bloc and underrepresenting the Western democracies. The U.S., whose companies undoubtedly will do the bulk of any privately financed seabed mining, would not be guaranteed a single seat on the thirty-six-member board. In any case, the council would answer to the 155-nation Assembly, which will have broad powers—considerably broader than the U.N.'s General Assembly. As in the U.N., though, Western countries will make up only a small fraction of the membership.

The Administration claimed victory on March 30, when it revealed a tentative "compromise" on the mining provisions. But the only apparent change was to give priority in awarding contracts to the companies

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which are already exploring the seabed. In exchange, the U.S. would agree to the production limits on seabed minerals. This poor trade would offer some protection to American mining companies, but it gives a hollow ring to Reagan's demands for a free economic order on the ocean floor. The main effect is to shield the existing companies from late-arriving competition. Even the *New York Times*, which supports the treaty, chided the Administration for trading "capitalist philosophy for higher capitalist profits."

Just as disturbing as the obstacles to private development of the seabed is the potential for monopoly in the Authority's own mining concern, the Enterprise. Aside from the usual subsidies afforded any "public" corporation (magnified here many times over), the Enterprise would enjoy several competitive advantages. Its mining sites would be prospected by its private rivals, at their expense. They would also have to provide the Enterprise with their technology, at whatever price it could extort. Its operations would be paid for by those nations signing the treaty. And it could be exempted from the taxes placed by the Authority on its competitors.

The treaty also erects formidable obstacles to the development of off-shore sources of oil. Each coastal nation has an exclusive right to any deposits lying within two hundred miles of its land. According to a 1974 report by the National Petroleum Council, however, between 3 and 10 percent of the world's recoverable oil lies outside the two-hundred-mile limit. In these areas, the treaty imposes a 7-percent excise tax, with the revenue to be split among the poor nations. Since these sources of oil are considerably more expensive to develop than those on land, this tax would surely seal them off from drilling—thus strengthening OPEC's hold on world oil supplies. Developing countries will gain much less from the proceeds of the excise tax (there probably will be none) than they might from the lower oil prices these deposits would foster.

SO CONSIDER the broad picture implied by all these details. The Law of the Sea Treaty will seriously discourage seabed mining, which would benefit the entire world by increasing the supply of valuable minerals and probably lowering the price. In this way it will encourage the creation of several mineral cartels, for the benefit of the industries and rulers of various non-Western nations—though not necessarily of most of their citizens. It will also serve as a precedent for international action to reduce the production level and raise the price of every major commodity exported by the third world. This is a long-time goal of many developing nations. The treaty grants the least power over the regulation of seabed mining to those countries which will provide the lion's share of the private investment. It gives the most control to the nations (many of them land-locked) which will contribute the least. The message to the West from the third world and the Soviet bloc is: you provide the money, the technology, and the entrepreneurial daring to mine the seabed; we'll write the rules.

All this grows out of the conference's view that the ocean's mineral resources are the "common heritage of mankind," a phrase coined in 1967 by Arvid Pardo, then Malta's ambassador to the U.N., and unwisely endorsed by American Presidents since then. The phrase would be unobjectionable if it meant only that everyone has the equal right to go and stake his claim on a mineral site on the floor of the ocean. Then the benefits and risks would go to anyone willing to go to the trouble of mining them. Instead, the concept has been interpreted to mean that every nation has an equal right to the ownership of these resources, and to the financial proceeds from their exploitation. In other words, nations that spend nothing and risk nothing to extract the seabed's resources have just as much say as those that spend millions of dollars in doing so. But until someone extracts the minerals, they are worthless. Whoever makes them valuable should reap the proceeds of what he has done.

WHAT IS SURPRISING is not that various third world leaders have demanded such concessions from the West, but that they have come so close to getting them. One reason is that many Westerners readily embrace the blame placed on them for the poverty of the developing nations. Of course many of these are not so poor: the third world includes Singapore as well as Bangladesh. It is hard to imagine how Western exploitation could explain the economic condition of both countries. The best clue to a developing nation's standard of living and rate of growth is not its colonial history or its contact with the West, but the way in which it organizes its economy. Those countries with Western-style capitalist or mixed economies (South Korea, Chile, the Ivory Coast) generally fare much better than those with centralized, state-run systems (China, India, Zaire). Socialism, at least in the developing world, is better at redistributing wealth than at creating it—which means that left-wing governments generally have little wealth to redistribute. One solution is to go where it is, namely, the West.

Another reason Western nations, and particularly the U.S., have accepted so many restrictions on seabed mining is to obtain those guarantees of free navigation. The current version of the treaty limits territorial waters to twelve miles, while allowing exclusive economic development up to two hundred miles out. It also guarantees all ships the right to pass through straits in places where no reasonable alternative exists. But why should the U.S. make huge concessions on seabed mining in exchange for these provisions? After all, they represent no particular improvement of the status quo. The treaty merely writes into international

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law what are already generally accepted rules and practices.

Even if they were a great advance, the military benefit (which has always been the chief concern of the U.S. negotiators) would be dubious. Richard Darman, a former Law of the Sea delegate, and currently a White House aide, has noted that the Soviet Union is much more vulnerable to sealed straits than the U.S., and that "an increasingly territorialist regime could be of net advantage to the United States." It's also safe to assume that in a crisis the U.S. Navy will send its ships through any strait it chooses, open or not. In peacetime, straits will probably remain open even without this treaty. In wartime, they (and other strategically important waters) will be open to those countries with the military power to insist, and no treaty, however high-minded, will prevent their being closed to those without it.

The treaty's supporters insist that the only alternative to ratification is the law of the jungle. In truth, none of the countries whose firms might develop the ocean floor are likely to let them do so without extensive regulation. Moreover, both the U.S. government and American mining corporations have a strong interest in seeing some rules established, to ensure orderly development, guard against duplicate claims, provide a means for handling disputes, and so on. If the Reagan Administration fails to win major changes on the mining provisions, and refuses to sign, the treaty won't be worth much. An American rejection would merely mean that those nations interested in developing the ocean's minerals would have to negotiate an agreement among themselves. Under customary international law, they have every right to do so. West Germany, Great Britain, and France have already entered into negotiations with the U.S. for a Reciprocal States Agreement. Japan is also supporting the Administration's proposed changes, and presumably would also go along with a mini-treaty. The nations that object apparently have no way, military or diplomatic, to prevent the mining nations from pursuing seabed mining under their own established rules.

The Reagan Administration took the correct approach to the negotiations by making it clear that it would not sign a bad treaty. Presumably that vow still holds, but this Administration may yet back down. Its single prospective "achievement" so far—the protection for existing mining companies—represents no progress. The U.S. should continue to negotiate, but it shouldn't be pushed into signing by the folly of its predecessors. Failure is not unthinkable, merely inconvenient. The Administration should not endorse an ocean regime that offends this nation's philosophic principles at the same time it makes us poorer. A revised Law of the Sea Treaty would be the best way to provide for the fate of the two-thirds of the earth that lie underwater. But it would be better for the U.S. to have no treaty than to accept this one.

Forgetting the Holocaust to save ourselves.

THE ENEMIES OF MEMORY

BY WALTER REICH

DURING THE PAST few years, groups calling themselves historical revisionists have sprung up on both sides of the Atlantic. They have claimed that the Nazis never intended to exterminate the Jews, that at most a few hundred thousand of them died during World War II, that those who died did so from malnutrition or disease, and that the gas chambers were used for fumigation rather than liquidation. The story of the six million, they have argued, was a fabrication designed to gain sympathy for the establishment of a Jewish state.

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Although the primary motivation of some of the historical revisionists may be anti-Zionist, most of them, I think, are driven by a deeper and more encompassing animus. Most are anti-Semites, some of them avowed ones, who have found the Holocaust an inconvenient impediment to the expression of their views. Once an acceptable sentiment, even in polite society, anti-Semitism has been generally less fashionable since the war, largely as a result of the widespread distaste provoked by the one program of official anti-Semitism, the Nazi one, that was brought to its logical end. What better way of restoring the fashion—and, indeed, of making it once again possible to establish an official program—than by pronouncing the Holocaust a fraud?

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It was in part to respond to the revisionists that the United States Holocaust Memorial Council sponsored its International Conference of Liberators last October. The council, headed by writer Elie Wiesel, had been established a year before by Congress and charged with the task of keeping alive the memory of the Holocaust, as well as its lessons; and it came to see, as one of its responsibilities, the refutation of the revisionists' big lie.

The Conference of Liberators, held at the State Department, was a kind of reunion—the reunion of soldiers from the armies that had participated in the liberation of the camps with the survivors of the camps themselves. In addition, it was an occasion for survivors to offer their thanks and for liberators to make sense of their own shocked memories. And it was an opportunity for the council to record and certify those memories. If the survivors had been accused of inventing the Holocaust, then certainly American G.I.'s from across the country—G.I.'s with such names as Anderson, Beal, Clark, and Johnson—couldn't be accused of that. Neither, for that matter, could soldiers from Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand, or the Soviet Union. And neither could other soldiers, partisans, and resistance fighters from Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, France, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, or Yugoslavia. They were, for the most part, ordinary human beings with no political axes to grind, no martyrdoms to embellish, no reparations to extract. They came, they spoke, and they remembered.

BUT EVEN *their* memories, it turned out, were, as human memories are, mortal, frayed, fragile—and, in a few cases, selective.

One former American G.I., who had been assigned to a war-crimes investigating unit at the Flossenbürg concentration camp in Germany, sat in a State Department lobby displaying his album of photographs. Some of the photos had been taken by the American investigators after the camp's liberation: photos of recently buried inmates being exhumed, each inmate having been shot through the head by the retreating Nazi guards; of well-fed civilians from a nearby village who had come to watch the disinterrings; of piles of the emaciated dead. And some of the photos had been taken by the Germans themselves during the operation of the camp and then captured by the Americans: several photos of Nazi officers; and two of a Jew who had been hung in mock circumcision from his sexual organ, in the first photo still alive and in the second, snapped sometime later, dead.

The album, the ex-G.I. explained to me, contained just some of the thousands of photographs he had around his house; he had once had the negatives but they had been lost. After thirty-four years he could still remember much of what they portrayed, the names of the Nazi officers in them, the story of this or that survivor. What would happen to that memory in ten years? He didn't know. What would happen to it after his death? He didn't know that, either. He just thought it ironic that, when Senator Bourke Hickenlooper saw copies of the photos that had been sent back to the States, and noticed that German children had been among the local villagers who had been allowed by the American investigators to watch the disinterrings, the Senator reacted angrily that it was the investigators who should be charged with war crimes for having let those children see such things. And, the ex-G.I. remembered, within a few months his unit was ordered to stop its investigations. The cold war had begun; the enemy was now to the east.

The other soldiers and former soldiers were also eager to tell what they had witnessed, though what most of them witnessed was also relatively tame. Most of them, after all, were Americans who, with the British and other Western allies, had liberated the camps on the Western front, not the annihilation centers in Poland—Treblinka, Sobibor, Maidanek, Chelmno, Belzec, Auschwitz-Birkenau. It was in those Eastern camps that most of the Final Solution was carried out, not in Dachau, Buchenwald, or Bergen-Belsen, and the liberations of those Eastern camps were accomplished mostly by Soviet soldiers. One of those soldiers, Vasily Yakovlevich Petrenko, now a lieutenant general, had participated in the liberation of Auschwitz and came to the conference to tell about it. Another Soviet representative, retired Colonel Nikolai Mikhailovich Koltyar, was there to talk about his role on the Nuremberg tribunal. Still another, Lieutenant General Pavel Danilovich Gudz, now deputy head of the Soviet Armed Forces Academy, addressed the conference as the chief of his country's delegation.

ALTHOUGH IT WAS a conference on the Holocaust—on the orchestrated annihilation of the European Jews—none of the Soviet participants spoke at all, in any of their addresses, about Hitler's focus on the one people (he had called them a race) whose members were chosen for destruction not because of what they believed but because they existed, and not on the basis of a political plan but as a result of racism gone to its final and logical extreme. When I asked General Gudz about this in an interview, he answered that the Soviet policy of not mentioning Hitler's specific goal of exterminating the Jews, and of not mentioning the fact that the Jews had suffered proportionately far more at the hands of the Nazis than any other Soviet population, had to do with the delicate problem of nationalities. One Soviet nationality, Gudz said, couldn't be given more credit, or more sympathy, than any other. When I cited the frequent Western criticism that there was no mention of the Jewish dead even at Babi Yar—where, in the first two days of shootings alone, some 34,000 persons, nearly all of them Jews, had been executed—he stiffened and insisted that

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many other Soviet citizens had also died as a result of the war, that the Nazis had been as zealous in killing Communists as they had been in killing Jews, and that the next step the Nazis had planned, a step for which the extermination of the Jews was merely a rehearsal, was the extermination of the Slavs. When I said that I wasn't aware that the Nazis had had such a plan, General Gudz assured me that his government had documents to prove it. Later, when asked at a press conference whether Western or Israeli scholars would be permitted to study Soviet war archives, Gudz avoided the question. He did point out, however, that he had brought along, as a member of his delegation, a retired Soviet colonel who happened to be a Jew.

But the Soviets' memories were not the only ones in a state of selective silence. The Allies could have ended the Holocaust sooner than they did, and certainly could have saved numerous Jewish lives, but wouldn't listen to or act upon information that was available long before the war's end. Jan Karski, a Catholic, who had been a courier for the Polish government-in-exile, told the conference participants of his desperate efforts to get Allied leaders to focus at least some of their energies on saving the Jews. He failed, and, as he put it, in his failure became a Jew himself.

The pure nobility of Karski was unmatched at the conference by any representative of any government; no one with any authority brought the implications home. The British representative, for example, a military attaché in Washington, failed to remember, in his speech, the British Foreign Office's unyielding resistance to efforts at saving the Jews; and he failed to remember the refusals of both British and American officials to make the disruption of the Nazi killing process, particularly the bombing of Auschwitz and the rail lines feeding it, a part of the war effort. He called the story of those years "a tragic narrative," but took exception to the emphatically Jewish character that had been attributed to that tragedy and that was in fact being attributed to it at the conference. The conference was, as he put it, "one of a number of projects of this sort," similar to reunions of former French and British military personnel who had been interned by the Nazis as prisoners of war.

And, in the end, the central memory of the conference was itself, I think, in some measure a conjured one. The glory that was showered upon the liberators was, after all, not altogether fitting. Thirty-six years before, those middle-aged men had only been simple soldiers slogging through the mud of a decimated Europe. Most hadn't been sure where they were, had rolled through villages whose names they didn't recognize, and had occasionally found themselves, mouths agape, within the confines of the concentration camps that happened to lie in their way. The tribute that was given to them was given not for their heroism, not for what they did but didn't have to do; it was given to them, instead, because there was no one else to give it to, because there had to be *some* good in what happened, *some* decency, *some* selflessness, *some* light in that epoch of deepest darkness; and it was they, for the most part ordinary beings, who were rendered heroic by the designation "liberators" and given the laurel wreaths that others, their leaders, should have earned.

BUT EVEN those who reject conjured memories of the Holocaust, even those who insist on its unadorned truth, even those who most adamantly refuse to relinquish its lessons, sometimes have to avert their gaze from it—or, to be more precise, focus their gaze on a small, more tolerable part of it.

Since the 1950s, and in some cases since the war, a number of psychiatrists, most of them working independently, have concerned themselves with the psychological traumas that were experienced by Holocaust survivors. A month before the International Conference of Liberators, a number of them, together with psychologists, historians, writers, and others, met at Yale University to discuss that work, and to begin developing, if possible, a psychoanalytic theory of Holocaust trauma.

Much of the Yale conference, in fact, was devoted to theorizing. From time to time a conference participant made a plea for memory itself—for its preservation and persistence in pure and unexplained form. But the relentless purity of memory was hard to sustain, despite the dedication of the participants to the problem of the Holocaust, despite their devotion to clinical history, and despite the fact that a number of them were survivors themselves—survivors with Holocaust memories of their own. Psychological theory repeatedly intervened, studies were cited, cases were presented, and intelligence was applied. The tragic irony

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of the conference's limited focus was never articulated. Of the more than six million Jews who had been stuffed into the camps and the ghettos, or rounded up by mobile Nazi killing squads, only a few score thousand remained alive after the war. Of all the Jews who had lived in the regions of Europe eventually engulfed by the Germans, a population that in 1939 numbered roughly 8.5 million, some 70 percent were dead six years later. Compared to the total number annihilated, the number that survived the camps and the killing operations, even when added to the number that evaded capture by escaping or by hiding, was small. In that simple statistical light, the psychological damage that was inflicted upon those survivors, incomprehensibly brutal and massive as it was, was still less compelling a problem of human experience than the physical exterminations themselves.

To be sure, the exterminations could not be reversed, while psychiatrists could at least hope to help, if not cure, those survivors whose lives had been so defiled and whose memories so contaminated. Moreover, had the psychiatrists allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by the entirety of the Holocaust, any hope of achieving some understanding of its effects on survivors would have been lost. Still, in the end, it was the reality of history rather than the god of psychoanalytic theory that brooded over the conference, at the highest level. And it was that reality that drove out the theory when, in the midst of it all, videotaped interviews from the archives of the Holocaust Survivors Film Project were shown, interviews of survivors talking not about Freud but about the black and lifeless sun of Auschwitz. That talk was about memory, its life and its death, and it stunned the group into reverent submission.

BUT WHO COULD blame a student of the Holocaust for focusing on something other than the physical exterminations themselves? After all, the psychological effects are painful enough to consider. Even survivors try their best to forget. And so, too, do their children, who often know little about their parents' ordeals and want to know even less. All of which makes it easier to understand why the rest of us—those of us, that is, who are not survivors, who have not been touched in any direct way by the experience, who have not suffered from it or studied it—might also want to forget.

One reason the rest of us might want to forget, of course, is that remembering requires imagining, and imagining something so terrible can induce a painful terror in us as well. But we also might want to forget because the Holocaust has such troubling implications for us—for us, that is, as human beings. After all, the Nazis administered no tests to help them select the most inhumane Germans among them, the most sadistic; nor did the war suddenly summon the emergence, from unknown hiding places, of a cadre of beasts all capable of mechanized mass murder. The Germans who carried out that mock circumcision pictured in the captured Nazi photos were, before the war, also Germans, living in one town or another, working in one place or another, members of one family or another. The architect of Babi Yar, assigned to exterminate the Jews of Kiev, had in fact been, before the war, an architect. The guards in the camps and the officers in the mobile killing units—as well as the bureaucrats who kept track of the numbers, the transports, the gold teeth, the labor brigades, the poison gas supplies, the raw material of human skin and human hair—were all people who had been doing one ordinary thing or another before the war.

TO BE SURE, it took Nazism, and perhaps a Hitler, as well as a theory of race and a bigotry pushed to its extreme—a bigotry that began with the definition of one group of human beings as less human than another—to mobilize those people in the service of the most inhuman ends. But the fact that the Holocaust happened, that people with whom we share our humanity carried it out, makes us all predisposed to forgetting. Though we didn't participate in it, perhaps, under the same circumstances, we could have, or might have, or would have. Not that we're equally guilty because we're equally human: it was the Nazis who mounted the Holocaust, not we. But the fact that somebody did it makes it necessary for us to acknowledge that people *can* do it, people who differ from us not biologically, not even culturally, but historically.

And so it is history that the revisionists want to rob us of, and it is history that, at all costs, and despite all discomforts, we have to hold close: history as memory. To be sure, there are too many differences between Nazi Germany and almost any other country, certainly our own, to draw direct comparisons, even in theory, even for heuristic reasons. But the differences don't let us off the comparative hook. So long as we are inclined to forget how bad something can become, we stand in danger of letting it become that bad. In the end, the most powerful defense against the recurrence of a holocaust is the memory of the one that took place. If special circumstances and a particular ideology made that one possible, then it is those circumstances and that ideology that must be understood, and it is their results, however discomfiting to our consciousness, that must be fully remembered. The desire of the historical revisionists to erase our sense of what happened, an erasure made all the easier by our inevitable inclinations to distort and forget, stems from nothing other than their desire to seize from us our ability to make comparisons altogether—to understand their program, to recognize its sources, and to identify its direction and intent. Anti-Semitism is the forward banner of all racisms. Eventually all peoples, including the racists themselves, stand in line behind the Jews at the ravine at Babi Yar.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Good Intentions

Francesco Rosi's *Three Brothers* has two great strengths: the presence of Charles Vanel and the cinematography of Pasqalino De Santis. Their contributions bind this film together in a way that the script by Rosi and Tonino Guerra does not—bind it despite the script; and they lift the film as far as it manages to rise, past the clumsily exemplary, to a statement in art of Italy's torments.

Three Brothers
(New World Pictures)

In most of Rosi's twelve films since 1957, he has been trying to "cinematize" Italian social problems. I wish that verb really existed: because it connotes not merely picking a subject and turning a camera on it but trying to make the subject exist and flow as film. He has compassion, a sense of soil and strength, something of an eye, and a moderate gift with actors, but in the films of his that I've seen—seven out of the twelve—the transformation has never succeeded. Some of *Salvatore Giuliano* makes the Sicilian bandit into an epic outlaw against tyranny; some of *The Mattei Affair* promises insight into international oil conspiracy; some of *Lucky Luciano* does the same on the relation of America to Italian crime. But each work finally gets lumpy and bumpy, more desperate to demonstrate than to dramatize.

Rosi's new film is even more expository and didactic. He tackles three kinds of current Italian trouble. First, the instability of married life, particularly as exacerbated by marriage between a northerner and a southerner—a condition that has increased for economic reasons as southern men have gone North for work. (The difference between North and South is more sharp in Italy than in any country I know other than Germany.) Second, the increased delinquency of poor and homeless children. Third, inevitably, political terrorism. Rosi found a story of the same name, *Three Brothers*, by the Soviet writer Andrei Platonov and adapted it to his own purposes with the help of Guerra, a writer sure of a place in screen history for the work he did on Antonioni's best films. But the result is a Tractarian treatment of the three subjects, not ever really unified though they are fixed to a central structure.

That center is a farm in Apulia, the heel of the Italian boot. The three brothers come from that farm. One is a judge in Rome, one a social worker in a Neapolitan home for juvenile delinquents, one a factory worker in Turin, now separated from his Turinese wife with whom he "shares" their small daughter. On the farm lives their father, the ancient farmer, Vanel; and soon after the start, he makes his way to the village nearby to send telegrams to his sons informing them of their mother's death. The three brothers come home. The factory worker brings his daughter.

So the fundamental structure is explicit to the point of being pat. Back to the land, to the old ways, come the three sons from three different environments, three sets of values, three sets of hopes and terrors. It's less a story structure than a recipe. The script does nothing to lessen this feeling of arrangement. The farm, and everything about it, is valid: the script simply hangs the three sons' stories (cases, really) on the homestead like three dossiers on a tree. The dilemma of the social worker, who faces a choice between helping the police find some thieves in his institute or losing the boys' confidence; the judge's tremulous courage despite possible assassination, together with his wife's anguish; the factory man's marital problems, plus union struggles at the plant—these are laid on us like printouts from a computer before and during their visit to the old home. In their old neighborhood, each of them gets an action which doesn't deepen or realize character, which is merely characteristic of the type that each is, like strophes in a morality play. The judge visits his old wet nurse, then goes to the local tavern, where he is hailed because he has been seen on TV. The worker visits a former girl friend, now married to a man off in Germany on a job, and almost hustles her into bed. The social worker goes to church, sees his old priest, then plays the organ. (And what does he play? A theme from the film's score!—which is endless syrup from the ladle of Piero Piccioni.)

The last bankruptcy in dramatic-filmic imagination is the long climactic scene for the three brothers, in which each reclines on his boyhood bed in a room next to their parents' bedroom, arguing their views. The scene is elephantine, not lightened by the fact that each brother is given a "relevant" dream during the night: the judge of his murder, the worker of his marital reconciliation, the social worker of the magical musical-comedy reform of all his charges, discarding their guns and drugs.

To the patness about the sons is added some triteness about the father. Nothing is more facile in film than the juxta-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Mephisto. A leading German actor (based on a real-life figure) changes politics and wives in order to prosper under Hitler. The film doesn't grow from a personal dilemma to a general agon, but it's vivid, atmospheric, memorable.

Passione d'Amore. Nineteenth-century Italy. A strange triangle: handsome army officer, beautiful mistress, most unbeautiful "other woman" who finally captures him. A romance that rigorously examines romanticism.

Victor/Victoria. Blake Edwards directed and based his script on an old German comedy. Result: a witty, fast farce about transvestism and homosexuality in Paris, 1934.

A Week's Vacation. A young woman who teaches in Lyons withdraws for a week to clear her view of her present and her future. Quiet, firm, touching work by Bertrand Tavernier who made *The Clockmaker.*

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position of time-tracks. Nothing is harder than to use them with discretion and a pathos genuinely rooted in purpose, as Bergman does with the old man in *Wild Strawberries*. Here Rosi flashes back to the wedding and honeymoon trip of (a young lookalike) Vanel and his bride solely for easy heart-tug.

THE DIAGRAMMATIC quality of the script might have been at least partially redeemed by subtle filmmaking. But, for example, Rosi opens the picture with a gigantic close-up of rats on a garbage dump (symbolic, yes?), which turns out to be part of the social worker's dream; when he dreams again later about the magical purging of his charges, the drugs and guns are swept past a gigantic crucifix. When the factory worker is driving to the farm from the North with his little girl, she has to stop to relieve herself. Bearably cute. But Rosi then has to show us the trickle between her shoes. Unbearably cute. (And when the child plays in her grandfather's huge granary on the farm —a pretty little sequence—I couldn't help thinking of where Rosi presumably got the idea: the granary sequence in *Senso*, on which film Rosi was Visconti's assistant.)

The movement of his camera is equally coarse and intrusive. When the old farmer comes down the steps of his house in his first appearance and trudges across the courtyard, he is kept in focus with a crane; then the crane descends and we are jarred by the insertion of the front gate between us and him. With a director like Bresson, that move would have had a meaning; with Rosi, it means only that he had a crane. The crane intrudes itself again in the honeymoon beach sequence; and often through the film, Rosi also reminds us that he has a dolly at his disposal to truck his camera forward and back.

But Rosi's unintegrated use of the camera has, of course, no direct relation to the photography itself, which is exquisite. De Santis began as assistant to the wonderful Gianni Di Venanzo (d. 1966) and worked for him on *Salvatore Giuliano*. On his own De Santis has done distinguished work for Zeffirelli (*Romeo and Juliet*), Visconti (*Death in Venice*), and Bresson (*Lancelot du Lac*), among others. He now stands with such men as Miyagawa, Nykvist, Almendros, Wexler as one of the most perceptive contemporary photographic colorists and composers. The exterior shots of the young farm couple's wedding; the scenes of the old man resting on his marriage bed with his little granddaughter next to him, the room suffused in golden-brown light; the hallway of the Roman legal chambers—whatever the place, De Santis epitomizes it at the same time that he presents it realistically.

The look of the film gives it more seriousness than it truly has. (I'm not talking about the seriousness of the subjects.) And this effect is heightened by the presence of the French actor Charles Vanel as the old farmer. Vanel, who went on the stage in 1908 when he was 16, has been in films since 1912; I'll mention just one film, *The Wages of Fear* (1953). When he made *Three Brothers* in 1980, he was 88, a bit too old to be the likely father of even his oldest son—the judge, played by Philippe Noiret—but we're willing to forgive that unlikelihood in order to have him there. When he walks across the courtyard in his best (corduroy) suit and heavy shoes, when he sits on a stone seat under a tree showing family photographs to his granddaughter, when—in the last shot —he slips on his finger above his own wedding ring the ring of his now-buried wife, we feel a testament to a life that has been lived. Compare Vanel with what Henry Fonda does in *On Golden Pond*. Fine actor though he can be, Fonda gives us nothing but the quirks and crotchets of that late year of his life. Vanel gives us *all* the years of his life. His presence before us is the result of all that this man has been. It is beautiful.

I keep saying "presence" about Vanel, rather than performance, because he's dubbed into Italian and I miss his voice. But I don't want to take a stand against dubbing in his case: Vanel gives the picture such a foundation of verity that he's a rule-proving exception. This isn't true of Noiret or Andrea Ferreol, who plays his wife. Why—outside of financial arrangements with the French co-producers—couldn't those parts have been played by Italians? I'm not talking about nationalism, only about the chance—the right, I'd say—to see and hear whole actors, with their own voices.

It's not pleasant to write adversely about a filmmaker as genuinely engaged as Rosi, but his talents are very clearly limited and his insights at least equally so. He's another one of those filmmakers/novelists/playwrights who take up serious subjects because of their concern, without considering whether they have anything to add to the subjects in any way. Rosi rarely has such insight and in any case usually bumbles it a bit. With *Three Brothers* he at least had the luck or wisdom to choose two collaborators who give the picture some value.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Ordinary People in Ordinary Plays

Not only does the Phoenix Theater production of *Weekends Like Other People* tell us a lot about the compromises and adjustments being forced on nonprofit Off-Broadway theater companies these days, but its showbill is a sociological document in itself. In the most recent issue, a story by Don Nelson of the *Daily News* pays appropriate tribute to the lustrous past of the American Place Theater under its directors, Wynn Handman and Julia Miles, then goes on to describe the methods by which this theater is preparing to "bail out" its "leaky boat": "renting the theater on a limited basis to outside groups, experimenting with simpler methods of production, and employing that old but often surefire flagwaver, the benefit"—the newest being a celebration of the state of Texas which will feature "written material by Texans to be performed by Texans." Perhaps an oil millionaire is sitting in the wings; if so, we may expect the next such benefit to be a celebration of Saudi Arabia, written and performed

Weekends Like Other People
by David Blomquist

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by sheiks. I have no doubt the APT still tries to adhere to original principles in its regular productions, but it is saddening to see the proud, bold theater that first brought Sam Shepard to public attention (not to mention the early works of Ribman, Lowell, Feiffer, Bullins, and Tesich) now being forced into survival tactics which drain its energy and confuse its identity.

Weekends Like Other People offers further evidence of how the resources and ambitions of Off-Broadway theaters are being affected by our current economic afflictions. First of all, the play is a two-character, one-set affair, originally produced in Louisville by the Actors Theater, and then transferred to the Phoenix for a three-week stay. Before the play begins, an apologetic spokesman for the theater, telling the few subscribers in the small audience that they must feel a little like Mets fans, consoles them with the fact that "sometimes we hit that home run." Gratitude is expressed in the program to the National Endowment for the Arts (which is preparing to slash its budget) and the New York State Council on the Arts, and to a handful of corporations and foundations, along with a larger number of individual benefactors. No doubt hoping to increase these, the spokesman invites the audience to join the staff during intermission for some lukewarm coffee in the antechamber—an invitation that is received as unenthusiastically as the play. There is a somber mood in the house, which is reflected on the stage, in the writing, the characters, the whole occasion. And it is with such unambitious works as this one—flexed for a Broadway transfer—that theaters like the Phoenix address their financial problems in our parlous times.

Weekends Like Other People is one of those ordinary plays about ordinary people that have been droning on the American stage for the past forty years. It reminded me a lot of Frank Gilroy's *Who'll Save the Plowboy?*, where the heroine announces what might be the epitaph for the entire genre: "Death or a new stove—I'll settle for either." Nothing quite as eloquent is ever spoken in David Blomquist's play, but the same sense of hopelessness pervades the household. Now it may be that our underclasses are as inarticulate and desperate as American naturalists would have us believe. But plays like this one, usually written by middle-class playwrights with the intention of drawing our attention to the problems of the "little people," as they used to be called, almost invariably manage to rob their characters of any uniqueness whatsoever. It's arguable whether even the most insignificant people are quite so dismal and boring once you get to know them, but the great naturalists—James Joyce, for example—always had the ability to exhume the poetry and complexity that lie under the most ordinary-seeming lives. Why, even the play's director (Ulu Grosbard) and his two actors (Rose Gregorio and Kenneth McMillan) were able to achieve this in *True Confessions*.

I know that *True Confessions* has not been universally admired as a movie, but it had something, aside from remarkable acting, that usually seems to be missing from our stage: a sense of social dimension. The movie started with the basic assumption that virtually every aspect of our public life—whether religious, civic, or corporate—was hopelessly corrupted; thus, it managed to bring us beyond the domestic agonies of flat beer, broken appliances, and marital arguments.

THAT'S ABOUT all that happens in *Weekends Like Other People*. David Jenkins's interior set, backed with a photo blowup of Chicago tenements, includes the obligatory kitchen and living room, complete with plastic chairs, dingy brown cabinets, modern shelves holding china birds and photographs, and synthetic carpet (how frustrating for designers to have to reproduce the same environment for so many productions!), while the two characters spend most of the play, when they aren't wrangling with each other, switching the TV on and off, flushing the toilet, and fumbling around the refrigerator for frozen dinners. Mr. Grosbard makes an effort to broaden these circumstances by interjecting recorded commercials for Bendix driers, Honda cars, and Gallo chablis between the scenes, but the play is really one long domestic spat leavened with nostalgic passages about the unfulfilled past and the unpromising future.

There is an eleven-year-old in the house whom we never see—nor do we learn how this child might have helped transfigure the lives of his parents. Instead, we are treated to a series of crises—a crisis over their sex, a crisis over his job, a crisis over the grocery store, a crisis over the burnt baked beans. Dan, a white-collar worker with a truck tire around his middle ("That's not fat, that's just heavy-setness") is dissatisfied by his daily routine with Laurie, a housewife who has settled into complacency. He feels he is missing something; he wants something more out of life than scanning *TV Guide* and reading the directions on Swanson's meat pies: "You know these average Americans they're talking about—they're talking about us!" His wife, normally preternaturally patient, has little sympathy for his protests against his condition. When Dan's mother dies, he has another crisis, this time a spiritual one. He can't believe there's no more to death than a cheap funeral and the cold chicken and Jell-O contributed by neighbors: "Somebody dies, don't change a thing."

When Laurie finally agrees to have a conversation, they have nothing to talk about, and even their arguments are without content: "Did it ever occur to you that nothing is all we have to fight about?" Indeed, "nothing" is the sum total of their lives. After one last crockery-breaking, TV-smashing battle over his futile effort to find amusement in a porno movie and her admission that he was not the husband she had in mind, they accept their existence together with apologetic shrugs.

DESPITE THE stoical ending, despite the relative honesty of the effort, the whole evening looks like a sit-com without the laugh track. Mr. McMillan and Miss Gregorio enact these ciphers with the kind of exactitude and truthfulness we have come to expect from seasoned naturalistic performers—she soured, rouged, taciturn, like a strawberry cake mix that has failed to rise, he a tubby munchkin gone bilious on too much Schlitz beer. But while the actors can make these characters convincing from moment to moment, they fail to persuade us that such people have nothing more to their lives than this alternately quiet and noisy desperation. Ordinary people in ordinary plays may be a form of consolation for middle-class audiences seeking self-confirmation in confused times, and they may help to keep theaters solvent when the money is short. But they tell us nothing about the potentialities of the stage, and even less about the possibilities of human life. What they do instead is increase our concern about the imaginative and social future of our troubled country.

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Reinhold Niebuhr among the politicians . . .

In Strange Company

By William Lee Miller

If you are an elevated and a complicated thinker, you cannot control what will happen when your ideas rain down upon the lesser mortals below, soaking the just and the unjust alike. One can certainly understand why Marx was exasperated enough to say he wasn't a Marxist, and Freud to have denied he was a Freudian. The twentieth-century Protestant theologian Karl Barth is reported once to have exploded—he was given to explosions—that he wasn't a Barthian. It is particularly difficult to straighten people out if you are dead. Back before monetarism and the sudden sweep to the supply side, when American economists would say, "We are all Keynesians now," one could imagine John Maynard Keynes wanting to say, from his grave across the Atlantic, that *he* wasn't one. And I have a picture in my mind—the reason for writing this essay—of the American theologian and political thinker Reinhold Niebuhr looking in ironic forbearance at the way his name and ideas have lately been invoked by politicians like Jimmy Carter and political prophets like George Gilder.

DRAWING BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Niebuhr, who died eleven years ago this year, wrote sermons, speeches, and books, and produced thousands of articles and editorials for every conceivable journal on the religious and political non-Communist left, including this one. He typed away steadily for fifty-five years, from World War I through the Vietnam War. He became not only the weightiest American religious thinker since Josiah Royce, or maybe even Jonathan Edwards, but also an important political influence. Yet now, eleven years after his death, you may see in Niebuhr's recent inadvertent role one more irony of American history. In my imagination I hear his ghost wryly denying that he had even so much as mentioned the doctrine of "original sin." Or—particularly—"realism." Or the "immorality," the intensified self-interest, of *groups*. Or the necessity to balance power with power. Or the "nature of man."

Niebuhr was always a man of the democratic left, and he was also always a critical and complicated thinker, critical not least of his own political side. That was a source both of his importance and of subsequent confusion: he turned much of his fire on the theoretical underpinnings of the political movements with which he was practically allied. He came out of and was the greatest representative of the turn-of-the-century Protestant social gospel movement, but was, typically, its greatest critic. He made his first splash in the 1920s as a critic of the new capitalism of Henry Ford's Detroit—of the Coolidge/Hoover/Andrew Mellon ethos the Reagan entourage is reviving. The only time he ran for office was as a Socialist; he was a founder of the Fellowship of Socialist Christians. Norman Thomas once said of that early 1930s period that "people don't realize that Reinie once was a good deal left of me." But although he came close in 1932-1934, he never became a full-fledged Marxist, and he was an early critic—early among the left intelligentsia—of Stalin and Soviet tyranny.

When he shifted from socialism he did not swing to conservatism, neo- or otherwise, but moderated to a pragmatic left-liberalism. He steadily attacked the prevailing Enlightenment presuppositions of that position even as he steadily expanded his practical support of it. He wanted to provide social democratic politics and American social idealism different—many would say sounder—theoretical underpinnings from the ones they grew out of. That's what he did with "democracy" itself in one of his books. He was a founder both of the ADA—its elder statesman, really—and of the Liberal Party of New York, and he had links to a troop of liberal Democrats. Once when he was asked about his voting he answered that the one sure thing was that he never voted Republican.

A preacher, he understood the Chris-

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tian religion to entail no single clear-cut political pattern, but to be represented best in modern social-political life by democracy and by social justice. He certainly knew politics had "tough choices" and "gray areas"—he was one of the original twentieth-century American tough-choice people—but he was no supporter of tyrannies whether of the right or left, whether called "totalitarian" or "authoritarian." He led the fight in the Protestant churches against the pacifist-isolationist wish that Hitler go away; he was a shaper of the anti-Communist left after the war; his sympathy with refugees from police states was expressed practically as well as theoretically. He had political common sense and flexibility to go with his intellectual power, and that was a source of his attraction to many political people. If you don't have common sense and practical judgment, as he said about Karl Barth's failure to condemn the Russian invasion of Hungary in 1956, no amount of theory will help you.

He did indeed turn much of his fire on the foolishness, as well as the evil, that came from the left, but he did it not as a conservative or neoconservative but as one who wanted social reform to be more effective. He did say many of the things neoconservatives now say, about the limits of what deliberate social policy can do, about the organic, nonrational bonds of society, about the unintended consequences and side effects of social action, and about the necessity of balances of power. But he said all that not to baptize the status quo and American nationalism, but to encourage a wiser and more persistent pursuit of justice.

Niebuhr was one of the "realists" who developed the ideas about America's international "pattern of responsibility" (the title of a book of speeches by Dean Acheson, a phrase taken from Niebuhr) in the period of 1947 to 1950. When that group changed over the years, however, and splits developed, he did not side with the hardliners. Although many of the Acheson people were supporters—indeed instigators—of the Vietnam War, some of their former intellectual confreres disagreed. Among them were George Kennan, Hans Morgenthau, and Reinhold Niebuhr. Fairly early on Neibuhr wrote articles in THE NEW REPUBLIC, the *New Leader*, and the *Progressive* attacking the war. Among his last visible political acts was the signing of the appeal for the Washington moratorium against the war.

COMING:
Lawrence Stone on the last of the Plantagenets.

NIEBUHR DIED in 1971. In the mid-1970s, a curious figure appeared at the very top of the American government, a Baptist loner from Georgia, who spoke Niebuhr's name with a reverent Southern accent and mingled it with those of Bob Dylan and Dylan Thomas at the start of his autobiography; referred to Niebuhr in the extemporaneous passion of his most effective speech, on Law Day at the University of Georgia in 1974; quoted one sentence of Niebuhr's in his speeches; used a Niebuhrian echo in his Inaugural Address, as he told his Sunday school class in Plains the next day; read, underlined, and admired June Bingham's biography of Niebuhr; and may even have read Niebuhr himself. And yet, as to understanding or absorbing Niebuhr—on this as on many other matters, one would have to say that Jimmy Carter, with his tin ear for the music of ideas, could sometimes sound the words but never got the melody.

Carter proved to be an Annapolis engineer with a linear, ungeneralizing, list-making mind ("... and another point ... and another point"). He also had that peculiar penchant for the leap to the superlative and the inappropriately absolute: *complete* confidence in Bert Lance, *total* competence of the South Korean troops, his Cabinet and everything around him absolutely *superb* ("superb" got a real workout). Whatever geometric metaphor you would use to describe Niebuhr's mind it certainly wouldn't be a straight line; it also wasn't rigid or static. He generalized inexactly all the time, and in him nothing (*almost* nothing?) was ever unqualified.

Carter kept pouring unqualified praise on the downright *goodness* of the American people. This was a most un-Niebuhrian simplicity. Niebuhr's view of "the nature of man" wasn't Hobbesian, but it wasn't Whitmanesque either. It was, as he said, of course "ambivalent," but not symmetrical. It was expressed in theological categories that presented, typically, a combination that was at once a higher and a lower estimate of humankind than alternative views. Whatever you make of that (Father John Courtney Murray, in some ways Niebuhr's Catholic counterpart, once threw up his hands in amusement at its complexity and inexactitude), at least the whole package isn't simple—it is morally as well as intellectually complicated—and it does apply to everybody. It certainly is not Niebuhrian to locate evil in somebody conveniently separated from oneself (criminals, Communists) or to assign some quite special unqualified component of goodness to one's own nation. Pharasaical moral pride, intellectual pride, and religious pride—these were the continual objects of Niebuhr's criticism, and often for him more fundamentally dangerous than the sensuality popularly meant by "sin" or the crimes that people get locked up for.

CARTER'S BRIEF ripple across history has been followed by a tidal wave not only of the politics of the right but of the politics of religion, including "moral" scorecards and paeans to the divine origins of risk capital and the rapture of exploiting the West before the Lord returns. It is the highest tide of religion in national politics since Eisenhower's moral crusade at least, perhaps since Teddy Roosevelt and William Jennings Bryan led their bands of believers up separate paths toward Armageddon. In part this period seems a giant illustration of a continual Niebuhrian theme: the confusion religion can cause in politics—confusion, or worse, fanaticism.

In the much broader world of the Reagan right, this side of the Falwell folks, one can find others who have had a brush with Niebuhr. Ernest Lefever read and knew Niebuhr, quoted him often, and has or had a picture of Niebuhr on the wall of his study in Chevy Chase. We learn from the newspapers that David Stockman was so impressed by his reading of Niebuhr in college and by talks about him with his campus pastor at Michigan State that he went to Harvard Divinity School to study him; he found that Niebuhr was regarded there as passé, and the rest, alas, is history. Michael Novak, the erstwhile radical, in an earlier phase of his tour from the left to the right, once wrote an extremely favorable article about Niebuhr in *Commentary* called "Needing Niebuhr Again." But now, when we need Niebuhr far more than we did then, Novak

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has moved to the right, voted for Reagan, been appointed to a U.N. post by Reagan, and gone to work at the American Enterprise Institute justifying what seem to me un-Niebuhrian hard-line foreign policies and old-line economics.

THEN THERE is the bizarre book by George Gilder called *Wealth and Poverty*, that *Greening of America* of the right, which baptizes the feelings of an established constituency with an unalloyed optimism. Mr. Gilder holds that capitalism is a wholly benign expression of the Christian virtues of faith, hope, and love: faith that your enterprise will prosper; hope that it will make money; love that carefully attends to your neighbor's need, so that the neighbor will buy. At the end of Gilder's long rhapsody to capitalism, as a kind of benedictory summary, there is a well-known paragraph on faith, hope, and love by none other than Reinhold Niebuhr: "Nothing worth doing is completed in one lifetime. Therefore we must be saved by hope. . . ."

That's how the passage begins, in Gilder's slightly altered version, and it goes on to cite the parallel sentences on faith and love. Gilder not only changes a few words but also prints it not as Niebuhr wrote it, simply as a prose paragraph, but indented and arranged in stanzas, like a poem. Moreover, he leaves off the last sentences of the paragraph: "No virtuous act is quite as virtuous from the standpoint of the friend or foe as it is from our standpoint. Therefore we must be saved by the final form of love which is forgiveness." Omitting those sentences diminishes the critical and self-critical elements most characteristic of Niebuhr. In the footnotes, Gilder gives as his source, not the book the quotation actually comes from, but: "Reinhold Niebuhr, as quoted by Father Gerald Creedon, Church of the Good Shepherd, Alexandria, Virginia." There's more. After he quotes Father Creedon's version of Niebuhr's paragraph, Gilder adds these spacious sentences as his very last words: "These [the observations just quoted from Niebuhr] are the fundamental laws of economics, business, technology, and life. In them are the secret sources of wealth and poverty." Does that mean there's money in those Christian virtues?

It is astonishing that Gilder should use as his climax a quotation from an author (Niebuhr) and a book (*The Irony of American History*) so completely at odds with the substance and spirit of his own book. *The Irony of American History* is a dialectical but thoroughgoing attack on exactly the smug bourgeois complacency of which Gilder's book is so egregious an example. Niebuhr found the real merits of the American nation endangered by the kind of uncritical nationalist and capitalist pride, the assumption of innocence, the neat equation of prosperity with virtue, that Gilder's book exemplifies; *Wealth and Poverty* is a case study in the American self-deception against which Niebuhr's book was directed.

Religion in America—I mean Protestantism, mainly—has two strong and recurrent spillovers into politics. The one, as nobody needs to be reminded today, is conservative, shaped by the traditional and the socially and morally conservative ingredients that accompany religion everywhere. But the other stream—more peculiar to the

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United States—is sentimental, reformist, do-goodish, "idealistic," filled with "Why *don't* we?" and "People everywhere want peace." Usually, of course, these tendencies are found on opposite sides, but not always; sometimes they appear in the same movement (isolationism, 1937-1941) and sometimes in the same person, the sentimentality serving as a sugar-coating for the conservatism. Niebuhr not only was neither of the two, but was an opponent of both and particularly of the mixture.

Niebuhr's progressive-reformist politics rested on unusual theoretical underpinnings—on religious symbols instead of Enlightenment rationalism. It was accompanied by emphases somewhat unusual for that wing of political thought: emphases on the power and self-interest and egotism that constantly stand in resistance to humane social arrangements—egotism certainly in the liberals and the proletariat as well as in the "privileged classes"—and on the naiveté and sentimentality of much do-goodish politics. Niebuhr combined a commitment to social justice characteristic of the left with an attack on "utopian" schemes characteristic of the right. He combined liberal democratic politics with a conservative social philosophy. Therefore the simpler representatives of both sides get it wrong.

The new left of the late 1960s either ignored or attacked him. Even the Protestant religious subsection did: it was as though Niebuhr had never lived, and all the weeds of his youth were suddenly springing up again. The important story, however, is on the right, where some snatched the "Realism," and left behind its critical and primary application to the "ethics of the privileged classes." They chopped apart the combination I have described, tossed overboard any effective commitment to social justice, separated out the "realism," and freeze-dried it into formulas. But since World War II such "realists" have been a dime a dozen, and so have been the hardheaded social democrats who aren't social democrats any more but just hardheaded. It was one of Niebuhr's distinctions that he maintained the combination, one we need now.

But maybe I'm wrong. Therefore I must be saved by hope.

Among his most striking qualities is an exceptional independence of mind. Niebuhr was relentlessly critical of the bourgeoisie but steadily refused to have any part of the Marxist deification of the proletariat. Again and again he exposed the shallowness of typical liberal attitudes but was never, in spite of his admiration for Churchill, captivated by any form of conservatism. He was keenly, even bitterly, conscious of the failures of the United States, and of the hypocrisy in which those failures were often cloaked, but his books are free of the simplistic anti-Americanism so common among social critics. This independence underlay a distinctive political position. Like conservatives in the mold of Edmund Burke, he carefully took into account the destructive potentials in human nature; and like radicals, who normally base their political views on highly optimistic assessments of human nature, Niebuhr's attitude toward the established order was always critical and reformist. The guiding principle of his life, he wrote not long before his death, was that "a realist conception of human nature should be made the servant of an ethic of progressive justice."

STILL, a contemporary reader of Niebuhr may find it understandable that his name has passed into obscurity. His major political works, such as *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*, make us more conscious of the times and situations in which they were written than we feel true classics should. Also, they seem more critical and polemical than constructive. Although Niebuhr was often rated a great political philosopher during his lifetime, it is doubtful that a single one of his major works on politics is sufficiently comprehensive and constructive to count as systematic political philosophy.

His writings, moreover, exhibit a certain lack of reflectiveness. A contemporary reader is apt to be impressed not only by the profundity of some of his insights, but also by his capacity for endlessly reiterating those insights. His changes of mind—concerning pacifism and socialism, for example—occurred on a relatively pragmatic level. His basic principles were scarcely altered during a generation of intense literary activity and they seem to manifest a mind that was inspired but not very exploratory. Niebuhr himself remarked in his later years that he might better have

. . . and among the prophets.

The Challenge Of History

By Glenn Tinder

A generation ago, Reinhold Niebuhr was one of the most celebrated figures in American intellectual life. Today he is a name invoked by an unlikely array of political figures, few of whom seem to understand or even to have read him. Otherwise, he seems largely forgotten. He is rarely cited in intellectual debates; few of his works are on the shelves of bookstores; and not many university students have even heard of him. It would be easy to argue that this is a measure of our spiritual and intellectual weakness. It could be said that we have allowed Niebuhr to disappear into the past because his major themes—the extreme demands placed on us by the ethic of love, our capacity to meet those demands along with our persistent unwillingness to do so, and the consequent complexity of political life, with its bewildering combinations of power and love—collide with our yearning for comforting truths. Such an argument would no doubt have some validity. It would, however, omit a truth seldom fully recognized yet essential for assessing Niebuhr: that his writings represent literature of a kind we do not know how to read.

Not that anyone reading Niebuhr now is likely to be wholly unappreciative. He is a writer with conspicuous virtues—a deep understanding of human nature, a remarkable ability to unravel and expose the ingenious deceptions of pride in public life, a keen eye for the issues of principle underlying the controversies of politics. There is a rare soundness in much that he says.

Glenn Tinder is the author, most recently, of *Against Fate* (University of Notre Dame Press).

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devoted less time to political activity and more to reflection.

The pragmatic bias of his mind is connected with some serious philosophical failures. For example, Niebuhr was not very introspective for a thinker who repeatedly asserted the ontological primacy of the person and who is often classified, with some reason, as an existentialist. Further, he never worked out his basic philosophical foundations. Although the duality of freedom and objective reality is the cornerstone of his thought, there is no sign in his writings that he ever seriously reflected on Kant, the principal founder (with Descartes) of that duality in modern thought. Ontology and epistemology are, for Niebuhr, in spite of shrewd observations on both subjects, matters of mere common sense.

A CONTEMPORARY reader may feel that the most serious flaw in Niebuhr's books, however, is their want of what I might call "glory." Characteristically, he cautions, rebukes, and chastens. Rarely does he inspire, or even instill firm hope. He cannot be favorably compared in this respect with the greatest religious writers of our time, such as Karl Barth or Martin Buber.

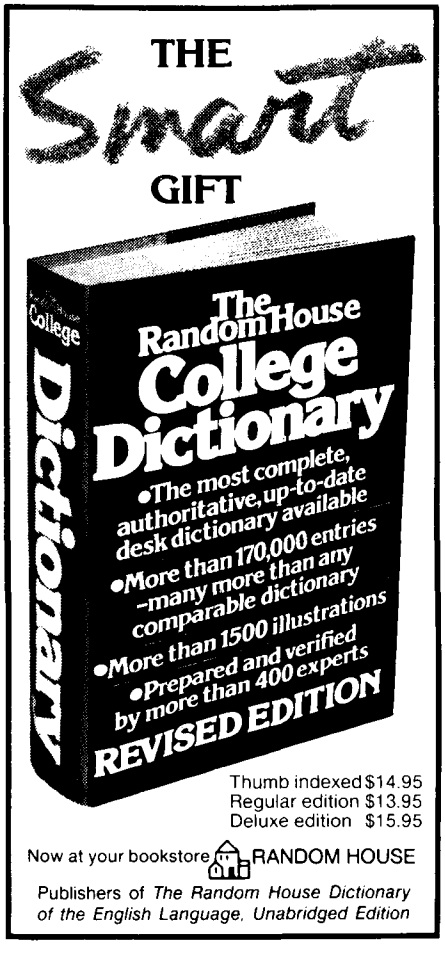
These failings can no doubt be explained in part by Niebuhr's acute sensitivity to the persistent pride and selfishness of human beings—what he referred to mythically as "original sin." If his thought was overly centered in the political situation of his own generation, it may have been partly because he was intent on assaulting assumptions about human nature which he thought were not only intellectually fatuous but threatened at every moment to be politically ruinous. If he neglected philosophical foundations, it was perhaps on behalf of urgencies created by modern blindness to the limitations and ambiguities of historical existence. If he rarely gives rise to moods of exaltation, it was no doubt in part because he was so conscious of the evil that the human race was capable of, and was likely to accomplish if ceaselessly flattered by social scientists and popular writers. The disasters and dangers of history occupied the forefront of his attention.

To appreciate Niebuhr we must see him as something he was repeatedly called but rarely taken in all seriousness to be—a prophet. His writings belong in the prophetic tradition and that is why they are literature of a kind we have difficulty reading. Commentators have often referred to Niebuhr as a prophet, and then proceeded to interpret his work as political philosophy. They ignore the fact that philosophy and prophecy belong to distinct and contrasting traditions. One originated with the ancient Greeks, the other with the Hebrews. Philosophy traditionally construes reality as cosmos; prophecy construes it as history. Philosophers aspire to a transcendent position from which all reality can be surveyed; prophets are candidly situational. For the Greeks the supreme human faculty was reason, whereas for the ancient Hebrews what mattered was no single faculty but rather the aptitude of concrete human beings for hearing and answering (in Martin Buber's phrase) "the eternal Thou." Philosophy typically seeks mastery, through knowledge and perhaps through action as well; in the prophetic tradition, mastery is legitimate only within limits established by a mysterious, although merciful, God. To confound philosophical and prophetic literature is to render an intelligent reading of either one difficult or impossible. Can one appraise the second Isaiah by standards that apply to Plato?

Once the distinction is drawn, it is clear enough where Niebuhr belongs. He did not try to stand above his time and place in order to interpret the universal and eternal nature of things. His major political writings were dedicated primarily to the prophetic task of disclosing the pride and injustice of established powers and pointing to the disasters bound to ensue in the absence of repentance and reform. His unique stance, at once realistic and progressive, is inherent in the prophetic approach to political reality: the present is condemned, but in order to open up the future, not to praise the past.

WHEN NIEBUHR is seen from this perspective, the defects so conspicuous from a philosophical perspective largely disappear. In prophetic literature the emphasis on the evil human beings do and are capable of is legitimate and even inevitable. The prophetic task is not that of developing a balanced theory of human nature but of shaking human beings out of the pride and torpor which render them insensitive to the demands of their time. Addressed to a particular historical situation, a prophetic work is bound to bear the stamp of a time and place; only the works of philosophers, striving to be "spectators of all time and existence," are invalidated by prominent marks of their historical matrix. That Neibuhr did not try to construct a system and did not pursue a lifetime of reflection accords with his prophetic vocation. His purpose was to clarify the imperatives of history in his time. Further, one cannot expect of Niebuhr any more than of Jeremiah that the ultimate presuppositions of his discourse will be systematically described; validity is determined not by philosophical criteria such as rational coherence but by an understanding of the hazards and requirements of a situation in history. Even the lack of "glory" in Niebuhr's works becomes comprehensible. A prophetic writer is necessarily more concerned with exposing evils than with celebrating values. True, there is glory in some of the biblical prophets, such as the second Isaiah. But there is not much in Jeremiah. Readers of Jeremiah are admonished and humbled, as they are by Niebuhr.

I do not know whether Niebuhr was a great prophet or only a minor one; I am uncertain of the standards of prophetic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discourse. I suggest, however, that the quality of a prophetic writer can be judged by whether he deals with his own historical situation profoundly enough to illuminate every historical situation. In reading Augustine's *City of God* it does not matter to us that he was concerned primarily with the fall of Rome rather than the confrontation of ideologically opposed superpowers. There is a good chance that anyone reading Niebuhr now as he would Augustine, or Isaiah, will not be disturbed by the fact that Niebuhr was responding to conditions that lie a generation behind us, but will find that he did this with such insight into the enduring dilemmas of historical life that he greatly helps us understand the responsibilities of our own time.

THE MAESTRO

Years of Upheaval
by Henry Kissinger

(Little, Brown, 1,283 pp., $24.95)

The second volume of Henry Kissinger's memoirs covers the years 1973-1974. When Kissinger visited Hanoi and Peking—in early 1973—he was still national security adviser; his appointment as Secretary of State came only in September 1973. The book ends with Nixon's resignation the year after that. By late 1973 Kissinger was at the height of his influence; yet it is the earlier years, with all their setbacks and frustrations, that in retrospect seem to have been the happier ones—years of achievement, of detente with the Soviet Union, and of breakthrough in relations with China. It is easy to forget that the first Nixon Administration was the most successful in recent memory as far as foreign policy is concerned. In 1972 Nixon was reelected by a landslide, but before long Watergate began to overshadow everything else. In the end it paralyzed the Presidency and, by the summer of 1974, diplomacy (as Kissinger puts it) came to a halt. Less than a decade has passed since then, and it is already hard to understand the commotion of those years; indeed, it is interesting to speculate what would have happened if Nixon had made a clean breast of it all early on. Probably nothing much; as recent "revelations" have shown, wiretapping and taping conversations did not begin in the Nixon era. But instead Nixon chose the dishonest route, and the rest is history.

Kissinger's two volumes are the most detailed record of events by a foreign minister of any major power in recent history. As a source they are invaluable, and they are also very well written. The vignettes of leading statesmen have been rightly praised. This is, perhaps somewhat surprisingly, an excellent work; after all, despite the author's undoubted gifts, it's an all too well-established fact that prolonged government service, whatever its other consequences, usually has a debilitating effect on a person's ability to write. Sometimes the detail in this account is excessive; for instance, the account of the Cairo-Jerusalem-Damascus shuttle and the Geneva Conference covers a few hundred pages. But the general reader's loss is the historian's gain.

Years of Upheaval is not only an account of these years—years which saw the last stages of U.S. involvement in Vietnam, Watergate, and the collapse of Presidential authority; it is also an *apologia pro HAK*. While the author does mention the various dilemmas facing him and while he does not claim that his critics were all morons and fanatics, his memoir is not exactly a Dostoevskian work of remorseless self-analysis, self-doubt, and self-criticism. Mr. Kissinger is clearly convinced that by and large he has been right. Charitably we may say that on some occasions he has been more right than on others.

Take detente, for example. The fashionable assumption of the early 1970s, shared at least in part by Dr. Kissinger, was that the Soviet Union had become largely bureaucratized and was guided by realpolitik, expediency, and enlightened self-interest. America, according to this view, could influence Soviet policy by strengthening the hands of the Soviet pragmatists against their doctrinal rivals by arranging treaties, attempting "Gulliverization" through trade and loans, etc. Prevailing wisdom held that the age of the superpowers was drawing to a close, and with it the rigid bipolarity; a new "pentagonal balance" was emerging, which would introduce "new and dynamic" relationships into a world in which power no longer translated automatically into influence. "[The Soviet Union] may not be willing indefinitely to use the Red Army primarily against its allies," Kissinger wrote, and "the Communist leaders must make sooner or later the choice whether to use detente as a device to lull the West or whether to move towards a resolution of the outstanding differences."

But the Soviet leaders made no such choice. While Mr. Brezhnev was shooting wild boars with his guests in Zavidovo during the very heyday of detente, an almost unprecedented Soviet military build-up continued—at a more rapid rate, in fact, than during the cold war. One could, of course, argue that the invasion of Afghanistan or a dozen other unpleasant occurrences could have been prevented if only we had been a little friendlier, if only we had walked the extra mile, if only we had granted the Russians most-favored-nation status. Kissinger does not make such claims. But neither does he attempt a thorough reexamination of why detente soured.

SUCH A reappraisal probably is only of academic interest now, for Kissinger may well be right when he says that "we had no real choice" but to go ahead on detente. Still, by autumn 1973 there were second thoughts about detente in America. The Administration became progressively weaker and more dependent on a distrustful Congress, the media disbelieved *a priori* everything senior officials said. The public pressed for incompatible objectives: to negotiate neither from a position of strength—since the cold war and political confrontation with the Russians were over and done with—nor from a position of weakness; to spend as little as possible on defense and on foreign aid, but also not to give up anything and to maintain American influence abroad; to be nice to the Russians and at the

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There should be power in the citizen movements, but we've **abdicated our right** to select and nominate the officials who will determine our national policies. The decisive power of nomination has been cornered by two parties, both of them acting for impersonal business interests. The two parties fill up our ballots with ambitious **yes-men whose careers depend on party support**, and we voters have no meaningful alternative.

The two major parties must have agreed, long before 1980, to get liberals out of Congress. If the people manage to elect a good freshman class, few of its members survive the next primary. Last year the political machine targeted incumbents of *both* parties, nominated unknowns to run against them, and bought the elections. **Only those who capitulated on military spending or other boondoggles kept their seats.**

Such manipulation of elections depends on a two-party monopoly. **A third party could break up the racket** by nominating strong candidates — representatives of citizen movements, of Labor, of minorities — for every office, state and federal. No wonder the political establishment fears the prospect.

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same time to induce them to make substantial concessions on issues on which they were touchy; to withdraw American troops from various parts of the globe and to persuade America's allies that the U.S. was as strong as before and would stand by its commitments.

Kissinger could not possibly accommodate these discordant pressures. The strategy of the Nixon Administration (as he puts it) presupposed a decisive President willing to stake American power to resist Soviet expansionism and ready to negotiate seriously, if the Soviets would accept coexistence on this basis. Both these courses of action, Kissinger points out, were destroyed by the domestic passion play: "Watergate did not permit us the luxury of a confrontational foreign policy, and it deprived conciliatory policies of their significance." The question thus arises whether, under the existing conditions, the Secretary of State could have had more success than he did, and the answer (which will be debated for a long time to come) is—probably not. This admission, considered in conjunction with the failure of Kissinger's predecessors and successors, opens dismal prospects; what it really means is that success in American foreign policy is impossible. In his book on effective executives, Peter Drucker wrote that any job that has defeated two or three men in succession is undoable and should be abolished. What is true for industry and banking is probably also true for government, and the position of secretary of state is hardly the only impossible job that comes to mind.

It has not always been like this—through the immediate postwar period the U.S. had a strong foreign policy consensus—nor will it necessarily remain this way forever. Some of the paralysis in U.S. foreign policy stems from wrong decisions (under Johnson and Carter), or from indecision and confusion, as under Reagan. Nonetheless, it is only fair to add that wisdom, patience, determination, farsightedness, and close cooperation between a President and the secretary of state no longer suffice to produce an effective foreign policy. For such a policy also requires a degree of secrecy that no longer seems attainable, and an array of policy possibilities, ranging from friendly diplomacy and economic aid to confrontational tactics, propaganda, and covert action. Americans dislike secrecy, propaganda, and covert action, which means that U.S. foreign policy ought to restrict itself to dealing with friends.

But even this does not always work. One of the criticisms leveled against Kissinger was that he lost patience with Europe and that he got along better with America's antagonists than her allies. There is a grain of truth in this, but there are also extenuating circumstances. He did try to put relations with Europe on a more stable basis, without success: the European leaders were not interested. When Washington did not consult them, there was an outcry; when they were consulted, they were unable to agree on an answer. When the Administration showed hesitation and weakness, the allies complained about the crisis of leadership and lack of confidence. But when there was a forceful American line there were angry rumblings about how Europe was not a satellite to be pushed around and so on. American proposals for cooperation were ignored or rejected, but on the other hand the Europeans did not come forward with any alternatives, any

WIDOW: FIRST MINUTES

The doctor tells her that her husband is dead.
The doctor brings her into a room full of shining equipment
and she looks at the body—as if asleep
under the great white bandage.

She leaves after a minute

and stands in the hall staring at the gray floor.
A white din of absence fills her ears:
its clamor makes her unable to move, unable
even to blink. Then she moves down the hall.
Another doctor shows her where to sign something
and asks if she wants to speak to a third doctor.
She shakes her head and moves to the elevator.
Her overcoat is in her hand though she doesn't know
where it came from. In the elevator
she puts it on, knowing it's cold outside.
And her gloves. Now her body is protected,
but for no good reason. She goes out

through the revolving door and stands still
in front of the hospital. She feels
she is a bundle of needless warmth
in a universe of ice. After a minute
she remembers that her car is parked
two blocks away to the right in front of
Sal's Variety Store. Ice and brown snow are
geologically complex and granite-solid
all along the sidewalk. She walks
very slowly with her arms out to balance—
she knows a person is not supposed to fall
if she can help it. At the corner
she stops. A blast of wind hits her eyes
like the roar of a locomotive and she looks
straight into the wind to see its heart,
its reason, but it has none.
She is still a hundred yards from her car
and tries to feel why she must reach it.

The light changes and she finds herself
moving across the street; the drivers obey the lights
because death is everywhere.
On the sidewalk she hears a voice beside her,
an old man is asking the way to the Trailways station.

She hears her voice telling him clearly the way—
her voice has no tone at all,
it has the taste of the wind. She feels she has
a moral obligation to do this properly,
helping the old man, and she repeats the directions.
He thanks her, leaves, and she stands
feeling how cold and blue it was, this
moral obligation—how hollow, cold,
metal-blue and tasting of wind.

MARK HALLIDAY

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counterproposals. It is difficult to blame Kissinger for finding it more rewarding to talk to Mao and Chou En-lai.

U.S. foreign policy seems not to have the minimal freedom of action required for effectiveness. Under these circumstances, unable to take initiatives, the U.S. must rely on mistakes committed by others. This is a risk which few individual Americans would take in their private lives. Following further setbacks the situation is bound to change. It could have changed a year ago because there was a consensus on foreign affairs in the making, which could have formed the basis of an effective foreign policy. The opportunity was lost due to indecision, confusion, and lack of harmony at the top, and a President whose interest in foreign affairs seems limited. This lack of direction is giving fresh impetus to a repeat of the silliness of the early 1970s in Congress and the media. When Kissinger notes that diplomacy came to a standstill in 1974 there was, of course, a reason: today, however, the stalemate seems so unnecessary. Reading *Years of Upheaval* now and looking at the course of U.S. foreign policy since 1976 makes Mr. Kissinger's record in fashioning an innovative foreign policy appear an almost superhuman achievement. If the present drift continues, even the corps of Mr. Kissinger's critics may have second thoughts about him.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur's most recent books are *Farewell to Europe* and *The Terrible Secret*, both published by Little, Brown.

THE PERVERSITY OF G. S.

The Portage to San Cristobal of A. H. by George Steiner

(Simon and Schuster, 170 pp., $12.95)

Despite current statistics, the publishing business is not wholly depressed. The Hitler industry is booming. Some ninety books in print bear the Führer's name, more than those about Roosevelt and Churchill combined. And these are only volumes that include the appellation in the title. Scores of others are concerned with the man and his Reich. Some are clearly exploitative, like Ira Levin's *The Boys From Brazil*; others display a subtle admiration, like David Irving's biography and Albert Speer's memoirs ("I was Hitler's unrequited love"). Still others are tragic and scholarly studies, like the works in Shocken Books' Holocaust Library.

It is difficult to categorize the latest Hitler book: George Steiner's *The Portage to San Cristobal of A. H.* It seems to belong on all three shelves—and on none of them. Steiner's premise is right out of a Movie of the Week: Adolf Hitler (the A. H. of the title) is found alive and doddering in the forests of South America. The 93-year-old is located by Emmanuel Lieber, a Nazi hunter on the order of Simon Wiesenthal, and his cohort. What should the hunters do? Tether their quarry like a goat? Parade him over the grave of every Holocaust victim? Dip him in boiling oil six million times? Debating, they begin their trek out of the greenery to the waiting world when they discover that the CIA, and for all they know the KGB plus CBS, NBC, ABC, and other initialed factors, await the criminal for venal or political purposes. Retreating, the hunters burrow deep in the Amazonian swamp to put Hitler on trial in their own kangaroo court.

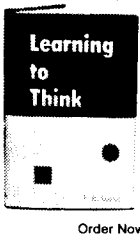
But the scenario is not the whole story. Steiner is hardly one of the flacks in *Portage* ("Bigger than Lindbergh . . . bigger than Jonestown . . . the hottest newsbreak since Jesus got off his slab"). His concerns are moral and his subject is linguistics. In an early, phosphorescent volume of essays, *Language and Silence* (1967), Steiner wrote that "Hitler heard inside his native tongue the latent hysteria, the confusion, the quality of hypnotic trance." Thus the author's A. H. is compelled by his Jewish captors to keep silent on the portage. "When He made the Word, God made possible also its contrary," Lieber decides. "He created on the night side of language a speech for hell." Hitler, in this elegant, bizarre thesis, is the master of such speech.

ON THE WAY, alternative genealogies of evil are offered: one of the Jews speculates that the early scholars might have copied the name of God incorrectly so that "each time we call upon Him we call in error and cough like toads in the green scum." Or perhaps the ancients misprinted the holy words of the Torah. Their blunder may account for universal misery. These conjectures are dismissed by the final chapter, a *summa* consisting entirely of Hitler's plea of defense. Here the author trots out an argument familiar to readers of his *In Bluebeard's Castle* (1971). "Monotheism at Sinai," he wrote then,

> primitive Christianity, messianic socialism . . . three times, Judaism produced a summons to perfection and sought to impose it on the current and currency of Western life. Deep loathing built up in the social subconscious, murderous resentments.

Now, George Steiner's surrogate, Adolf Hitler, waves the triple-pronged pitchfork. In fact, the Führer once did say that "conscience is a Jewish invention" and the author extends that jibe. "It was only a step," argues the furious old man, "from Sinai to Nazareth, from Nazareth to the covenant of Marxism." A. H. goes on in high forensic style to examine the century's atrocities. He did not invent the camps, he says, the English did, for the Boers. As for mass murder, Stalin "perfected genocide when I was a nameless scribbler in Munich." He turns on his accusers: "you have made me some kind of mad devil, the quintessence of evil, hell embodied. When I was, in truth, only a man of my time." Yet in his finale, he offers himself as perhaps "the true Messiah . . . whose infamous deeds were allowed by God in order to bring His people home"

LEARNING TO THINK



By E. R. Emmett

Puzzles, diagrams and examples (both serious and lighthearted) are extensively used by the author who stresses the importance of logic in our everyday lives. He shows us how to think clearly and concisely and to make us enjoy the process. Exercises to test our ability to reason clearly are provided throughout this thought-provoking book. *Illustrated.*

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to Israel. In brief, Hitler wants it both ways, to be at once in history and out of it; so does Steiner. And in that schizoid wish lies the work's false and destructive doctrine.

DURING THE RISE of the Third Reich, a German Catholic scholar named Theodor Haecker kept a journal in which he recorded the activities of his leader. He considered Hitler "a knife-grinder, a ham actor, a buffoon," performing for "the little whore called history in Germany today." It was not an exceptional opinion. It was repeated and refracted in contemporary images as various as Charlie Chaplin's Great Dictator, Adenoid Hinkel; Churchill's snarling caricature of the "guttersnipe" from Deutschland; and in the mocking works of unnumbered European cartoonists and painters and writers who ended in exile or in the gas chambers. They and many others saw Hitler in the 1930s for what he was: a lout, one of the rabble who knew how to rouse, a sociopath without a true philosophy or a coherent system of thought. The mistake his critics made was not in minimizing the Führer, it was in overestimating Germany. The country of Bach and Rilke was assumed to be unchanged, the Third Reich an aberration. But the new Germany was no stranger; it was as anti-Semitic as Luther, as arrogant as Goethe, as hysterical as Nietzsche, as monstrous as Wagner. Hitler was not unrepresentative of the country, he was simply its dregs. He was elevated because of a complex series of events: postwar humiliation, inflated currency, Communist agitation, global isolation, and indifference. But he could have risen nowhere else. Other nations, other peoples, were afflicted by similar or worse conditions. The Armenians were massacred, the Jews dispersed, the gypsies annihilated, the Africans tortured and enslaved, the Chinese . . . but why extend the litany? Steiner knows that Germany alone mass-produced such obscenities, that Germany alone raised filth to a sacrament and voted a wretch the chancellorship, that Germany alone could have fallen so hard for the hero of that incomparable piece of cinematic kitsch, Leni Reifenstahl's *Triumph of the Will*, an ancestor of *The Portage to San Cristobal.*

To elevate Hitler to the role of Lucifer is not only to take Germany off the hook ("the Devil made me do it") but to go up the stairs to the little whore. That patronage has already created a minor scandal in London, where *Portage* has been staged with Alec McClowen in the title role, agitating the Jewish community and many scholars and critics. Doubtless it will arouse furies in the U.S. Steiner must have known this when he published his febrile, twisted work. Why did he do it? Let us charitably assume that he is a man obsessed, that he must continue to flog his theories at any cost, even if A. H. has to become the mouthpiece of G. S. To do otherwise is to impute the very worst kind of motives and to assume that although Steiner's pose remains mandarin, his prose has become collaborationist.

STEFAN KANFER

Stefan Kanfer is a senior editor at *Time*. His latest novel is *Fear Itself* (Putnam's).

THE MILITARY POLITICIANS

Breakthrough: A Personal Account of the Egypt-Israel Peace Negotiations by Moshe Dayan

(Knopf, 359 pp., $15)

The Battle for Peace by Ezer Weizman

(Bantam Books, 395 pp., $15.95)

A little over a year ago, Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman were key members of Begin's first government, acting as moderate checks on Begin's more passionate instincts. Now Dayan is dead and Weizman is in retirement, perhaps waiting, de Gaulle-like, for the call of the people. Their rise and fall are both fascinating personal stories and revelatory of the peculiar nature of Israeli political life.

Both men were part of the Israeli military political syndrome, soldiers turned politicians. Weizman entered politics because a political party—Begin's Herut and the Likud—needed a military hero. The former air force hero and Defense Minister was not a natural politician and so fell victim to politics. Dayan was always soldier and politician, part hero and part shark.

It is genuinely surprising that Dayan didn't write a more imaginative book about his part in the Egypt-Israel peace negotiations, since, as a key participant (like Weizman) at Camp David, he surely had strong feelings about the subject. Yet the feel of the whole is missing. It isn't because Dayan was a bad or even a mediocre writer. He could be an excellent writer-journalist-diarist, as he amply demonstrated in *The Diary of Sinai* (1957) and *The Story of My Life* (1976). *Breakthrough* reads as if Dayan's heart weren't in the subject, as if he were hurrying to finish the book before his death.

What is missing, at least in part, is Dayan the shadow behind Begin, the man behind the scenes at Camp David. Although it appeared that Dayan was only a second fiddle at Camp David (to Begin's first fiddle and Weizman's third), he established his own brand of primacy. This story does not come through in Dayan's book as well as it does in Uzi Benziman's *Prime Minister Under Siege* (1981). The fact is that Dayan and his military assistants, as well as Weizman, headed what amounted to an anti-Begin cabal at Camp David. They subjected the Prime Minister to political, legal, and military arguments day after day, finally softening the stubborn Begin to the point where he gave way, even on matters concerning the Palestinians. Benziman gives a truer picture of Dayan than Dayan does. He enlivens Dayan's essential qualities—the cunning, the personal dishonesty, the brilliant tactical capabilities, the contempt for others, the perseverance in matters

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of principles and ideas. Even in the chapter called, simply, "Cancer," Dayan seems detached from the subject. It reads like a day-to-day medical report, stoic, almost dry in its flavor, as dry as a tongue full of fear. Still, the very flatness of tone in this chapter is moving because of what is not there, the stuff between the lines, the pain, the dread.

WEIZMAN'S *The Battle for Peace* is a charming book, very much like its author. There are witty word-pictures of men and places. What's missing is political depth. Where, for example, is the story of the transformation of superhawk air force general Weizman into a peace-loving, embittered world figure? In this account, Weizman's sea change occurs very much like a sleight-of-hand trick, with Weizman the white rabbit and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat the master conjurer.

Although an avowed peacenik by Israeli standards, Weizman still trades on what he did to Egypt in the past; he was one of the heroes of the 1973 canal crossing. He's come full circle for a general, which is something that frequently happens in Israel, where generals and heroes are thrown into the political arena, with mixed and sometimes disastrous results. Israel is the only political democracy today that expects its officers to end up in politics without training them to do so. Ben-Gurion had a harsh rule separating the military from politics; the result was to create a generation of political innocents. The political naiveté and ignorance of some Israeli military leaders (and their eagerness nevertheless to take the plunge into politics) is easily accounted for. Ben-Gurion created an atmosphere where officers, who were forced to retire at forty, could not speak out on political issues, or, if they did, did so with great care and circumspection.

This created problems, especially for the heroes of the 1967 war. Suddenly, summoned to parties desperate for heroes, they were thrust into public life, totally unprepared. Most of them were imbued with the ideology of Labor and its Socialist Zionism. The graying Labor Party received its share of the new crop of heroes: the natural-born politician Dayan, Allon, Bar-Lev, Yariv, Rabin, Amit, and a host of distinguished colonels and other junior war heroes.

Weizman, the hero of the air force, could have gravitated toward the Labor Party. Unfortunately, the party did not gravitate toward Weizman. The late Pinchas Sapir, the super-apparatchik of the Labor Party, was not impressed by the newcomer. "We have enough officers," he is reported to have said. "We don't need any more. That Weizman? That playboy, that grown child?"

Menachem Begin's electoral bloc Gahal did not have enough officers, however. Gahal was a party of aging old Etzel comrades from the 1948 days, fragilely united with the lawyers, builders, and petite bourgeoisie of the Liberal Party and in desperate need of new blood, preferably military. Weizman and Arik Sharon provided it, going so far as to help create the Likud in 1975 after spending a lifetime voting for Mapai-Labor.

Begin needed a "Weizman" in his party; Ezer was, after all, the nephew of the legendary Chaim Weizmann, who was the chief antagonist of Begin's "rabbi" Zeev Jabotinsky. This initial relationship, however, was brief, lasting until 1970 when Begin bolted Golda Meir's national unity government, leaving Weizman once again without a job. Weizman filled his time being a businessman and making newsworthy statements within earshot of Israeli journalists. In 1977, Begin and the Likud finally prevailed, pulling off a major political upset. Weizman, who was Begin's campaign manager, was back in public life.

Weizman was not so much a failure as a cipher as Defense Minister. His voice was muted, and he was constantly outmaneuvered, or, worse, ignored by the two men he genuinely seemed to admire: Prime Minister Begin and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan. He became Defense Minister not because he was particularly able, but because he was owed a political debt by Begin and because the Herut hawks and National Religious Party hardliners prized him for his reputation as a superhawk.

BEGIN AND DAYAN, and later, of course, Sadat, weave in and out of Weizman's book, alternating roles. There are times when Weizman sounds like a petulant child betrayed by his elders, or an awestruck one ogling his heroes. "I never personally experienced the holocaust, nor was I closely involved with it," he writes, thus exposing the mindset that is central to his relationship with Begin, whom he never understood, often admired, and with whom he was never close. Weizman's inability to perceive Begin for what he is—a wily politician and a patriot—makes it easier for him to cast Begin in the role of villain in the peace talks. Weizman likens Dayan to an explosive charge that must be placed at exactly the right spot, lest it bring down the whole edifice. But in the political jungle he was still a schoolboy compared to the charismatic Dayan.

THE MYSTERY of the book and its unstated theme is how superhawk Ezer Weizman became a devoted advocate of peace. It is a rather crucial question, but Weizman never really answers it. The conversion seems to have happened at the hands of Sadat, whom he greatly admired—indeed, now almost worships to the point where the hawk who once seriously joked about leveling Cairo is now quite ready to blame Begin as the main impediment to peace in the Middle East.

In retrospect, it is not surprising that Weizman and Sadat would have had much in common. But, unlike Weizman, Sadat would never confuse charm with sincerity or regard a "personal relationship" as anything more than a political asset. The true sadness of Weizman, the other side of the coin of his charm and unpredictability, is that he chose to trust Sadat merely because Sadat made the effort to take the first step toward peace. Weizman thus totally misperceived Sadat's policy and goals. He chose to give more weight to his personal relationship with Sadat than it really deserved, as if Weizman could somehow manage to make Sadat do what others could not. The reverse was true. Weizman, in effect, went with Sadat, deserted Begin, and saw himself the peacemaker of the Middle East.

What Weizman failed to see is that Sadat, although he took the initial steps, did so for a reason. Peace was not the paramount issue. Sadat wanted to become an ally of the United States; to do that he had to make peace with Israel as a first step. The gamble, although it produced outcries in the rest of the Arab world, and ultimately may have cost Sadat his life, paid off handsomely: peace at little cost, the Sinai, a secure, money-bound friendship with the United States, and a rebuilt Egyptian army, to be paid for in dollars. Weizman, who was initially opposed to U.S. participation, never saw this. If only, he has mused in the past, they had let me and Sadat go it alone. He has suggested that if that had happened, the Israelis

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would still have the airfields in the Sinai. This is not likely. Sadat would not have budged without U.S. participation, and that was the target after all.

Weizman's latest downfall came about because of Sadat, at least indirectly. Weizman resigned over the issue of settlements and autonomy in the West Bank, issues over which he opposed Begin and took Sadat's point of view.

In the end, Weizman is wistful. Was he too rash? He thinks, on balance, that he was not. One gets the feeling, however, as one does from many converts, that he has seen the light, and that it shone on Sadat in Egypt, not on Begin in Jerusalem. In a way, that is a sad endnote for an entertaining autobiography. Weizman has served his country better in the past than he does in this book.

AMOS PERLMUTTER

Amos Perlmutter is the author of the recently published *Modern Authoritarianism* (Yale University Press).

CAMBRIDGE WAS FULL OF VIPERS

The Letters of D. H. Lawrence Volume II, June 1913-October 1916 edited by George J. Zytaruk and James T. Boulton

(Cambridge University Press, 691 pp., $39.95)

"I hate writing letters," D. H. Lawrence wrote to Blanche Jennings in 1909. He was then twenty-three and had already addressed to this one among his many female correspondents something like 12,000 words in epistolary form; by the time of his death in 1930 his application to the detested activity had been such that over 5,500 of his letters are known to be extant. They are to be published in seven volumes, of which the present is the second to appear. It contains letters 580-1,301, written between June 1913 and October 1916. The editing is of a very high standard indeed, but perhaps the annotations, although always concise, go a little beyond need in places. It is improbable that many readers who pursue Lawrence from his fiction and poetry into the recesses of his correspondence require to be told that "Byron and Shelley both lived in Italy at various times," or that when Lawrence says, "I want to begin all again. All these Gethsemane Calvary and Sepulchre stages must be over now: there must be a resurrection," he is "alluding to the agony, crucifixion and physical death of Christ—all preceding His resurrection."

The predominant tone of the new volume is somber as that of its predecessor is not. In Eastwood, the colliery village of his birth and boyhood, Lawrence had been the moving spirit in a coterie of young people, most of them as humbly circumstanced as himself, whose courageous gaiety and serious purpose to enlarge the bounds of their knowledge command our admiration and sympathy more readily than does the spectacle of any social group in which he was later to move. When Edmund Chambers, the father of his first love, Jessie Chambers, declared that "Work goes like fun when Bert's there," he was describing the first carefree operation of a power which, retained against great odds of temperament and circumstance alike, was to remain with Lawrence to the end of his days: the power to transmit to others an enhanced sense of the quickness and mystery of life.

The writer of the present stretch of letters is very much the "panting agonised man" of Virginia Woolf's scornful but acute description; complaint, frustration, despair, maniacal rage are in the forefront often enough; yet the power shines steadily through. He can declare, "I hate humanity so much, I can only think with friendliness of the dead. . . . I think truly the only righteousness is the destruction of mankind, as in Sodom. Fire and brimstone should fall down." He can keep on saying this sort of thing in the brutally reiterative way that in his imaginative writing often becomes a vice of style. Yet the sacred coal is always at his lips. By a strange and splendid paradox, we acknowledge ourselves, as we read, to be in the presence of the life-enhancing master-spirit of an age.

IN SEPTEMBER 1909 Lawrence, who for nearly a year had been living in lonely exile as a schoolteacher in Croydon, but who still kept up a vigorous correspondence with Eastwood, wrote to Jessie Chambers, "Last night I dined with celebrities, and to-night I am dining with two R.A.s." The radical change in his situation thus comically announced had in fact been brought about by Jessie herself, who had sent some of his poems, probably without his consent, to Ford Madox Hueffer (as he was still known), the editor of the *English Review*. From then on, things must have appeared to him to happen with miraculous speed: an avant-garde literary society was suddenly open to him, and the literary folk were followed by what he commonly terms "swells"—meaning upper-class or sometimes aristocratic persons with a sophisticated interest in the arts. It is almost exclusively with people belonging to one or the other of these groups that he is corresponding in the present volume, Katharine Mansfield and Middleton Murry being representative of the first, and Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lady Cynthia Asquith of the second. A little apart from his fellow aristocrats stands Bertrand Russell, the predominant figure in English philosophy in the pre-Wittgenstein period. There is much to be learned about Lawrence from the story of this relationship. It was the occasion, *inter alia*, of the main emotional disturbance revealed in the book.

The two men were introduced to one another by Ottoline Morrell early in February 1915, apparently for the purpose of discussing Lawrence's project for the utopian colony to be called Rananim. Within a week Lawrence writes a long letter to "the Philosophic-Mathematics man." It takes, for some reason, a swipe at E. M. Forster ("He tries to dodge himself—the sight is pitiful") but addresses itself in the main to the proposition that "there must be a revolution in the state." A rapid reading might have left the impression of untutored and dogmatic rambling, but Rus-

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sell was clearly impressed. Another letter followed quickly: it is the one in which Lawrence, feeling called upon to discuss the nature of sex, offers his celebrated statement that "the great living experience for every man is his adventure into the woman." By this time he is obviously thinking about Russell a great deal, confiding to Lady Ottoline, "I feel a real hastening of love to him." A visit to Cambridge is arranged, and takes place early in March. A few days later he begins a letter to a frequent correspondent with an abrupt, "I went to Cambridge and hated it beyond expression." A few days after this again, he sends Russell an obscure appeal:

> But I wanted to write this to ask you please to be with me—in the underworld—or at any rate to wait for me. Don't let me go, that is all. Keep somewhere, in the darkness of reality, a connection with me. . . . I wish you would swear a sort of allegiance with me.

And to this he adds a postscript: "Thank you very much for the umbrella." That he managed to leave his umbrella in vile Cambridge will appear highly significant to some.

FOR VILE it certainly seemed to him. "It is true Cambridge made me very black and down. I cannot bear its smell of rottenness, marsh-stagnancy. . . . How can so sick people rise up? They must die first." This is the beginning of another letter, written a few days later. A week goes by and Lady Ottoline is told: "There *is* a principle of evil. . . . I saw it so plainly in Keynes at Cambridge, it made me sick." Then the storm breaks—in an hysterical outpouring to David Garnett (the son of Lawrence's first literary adviser, Edward Garnett), whom he chooses to see as a still virginal but vulnerable youth living amid a congeries of homosexual vipers, one of whose principal nests he has discovered in the colleges of Cambridge. From Trinity, it appears, he has been taken over to King's to visit Keynes:

> Then suddenly a door opened and K. was there, blinking from sleep, standing in his pyjamas. And as he stood there gradually a knowledge passed into me, which has been like a little madness to me ever since. And it was carried along with the most dreadful sense of repulsiveness—something like carrion—a vulture gives me the same feeling. I begin to feel mad as I think of it—insane. . . . Now David, in the name of everything that is called love, leave this set and stop this blasphemy against love.

A little more than a year before this episode Lawrence had written composedly to his friend Henry Savage: "I should like to know why nearly every man that approaches greatness tends to homosexuality." Now he has been suddenly shaken to the roots of his being by a glimpse of an eminent economist yawning in a doorway. On the day following his letter to Garnett he writes to S. S. Kotliansky: "These horrible little frowsty people, men lovers of men, they give me such a sense of corruption, almost putrescence, that I dream of beetles."

NOTHING ELSE chronicled in the volume—the long abrasive struggle for harmony with his wife, the nightmare of a war which threatens to clothe him in khaki, that legal suppression of *The Rainbow* which casts an indelible stain upon British justice—affects him in a like degree. But the relationship with Russell (who was no viper) continues, prompting Lawrence on several occasions to attempt a formal exposition of his own "philosophy." (The manuscripts of this, to the extent that it was ever actually achieved, have perished; and those privileged to read the work in part—Ottoline Morrell and Cecil Gray—are both on record as condemning it utterly. It no doubt propounded the doctrine "that we have a blood-being, a blood-consciousness, a blood-soul, complete and apart from the mental and nerve consciousness" upon which his fiction in its more arcane aspect is grounded. It may well have been hard going, but its loss is deplorable all the same.)

In the end he finds that Russell won't do. First, Cynthia Asquith is told that "he wants to keep his own little established ego"; then (along with Lady Ottoline) he is described as a traitor who betrays the real truth, with whom Lawrence has quarreled in his soul; finally, he is directly addressed and demolished in terms that render unsurprising his own statement that Lawrence drove him to thoughts of suicide. Too many of Lawrence's connections came croppers. Sadly, the last judgment on a friend offered in the volume is conveyed in the words, "Murry is a toad."

This remains, nevertheless, a wonderful, richly rewarding book. It is lavish in advice and exhortation, but commonly based on a swift and intuitive penetration into character and motive. There are long descriptions of external nature which in another writer might show as set-pieces, carefully worked up, but which are here spontaneous hymns of praise, authenticated by a marvelous control of vivid analogy: the Cinque Terre, a "tiny scattering of villages, like handfuls of shells thrown on the beach"; Irschenhausen, where you see "the deer jumping up and down to get the wet out of their jackets, and the squirrels simply hang out by their tails, like washing." The sheer flame of life, clear and quenchless, burns throughout.

J. I. M. STEWART

J. I. M. Stewart is the author of *Eight Modern Writers* (Oxford), among many other books. His latest is the forthcoming *Bridge at Arta* (Norton).

CORRECTION

Due to a typographical error in Mark Crispin Miller's column in the issue of April 7, Machiavelli gave advice about "the deft construction of a noble public faith," instead of a "noble public face."

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 8*

Bell might begin by lifting some of the artificial impediments I described, which it has repeatedly placed in the way of its rivals.

In his letter, Mr. Marano insists that New Jersey Bell will provide the "vital links" in the new Information Age, but he knows perfectly well that AT&T's settlement keeps local Bell companies from competing for the best business. Indeed, recently the FCC decided to file a brief with Judge Harold Greene challenging the settlement on precisely the same grounds that I did—that the constraints imposed on local Bell companies are arbitrary, excessive, and leave them vulnerable. As an executive of a local Bell company, will Mr. Marino endorse the FCC position?

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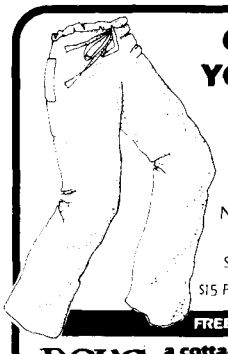

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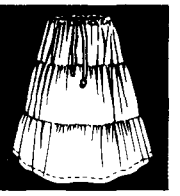

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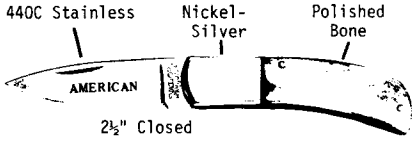

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Perfidious Albion

SOME CHILDREN grow up with a vivid image of Satan. I grew up with a vivid image of someone who seemed to be one of his secular deputies, Perfidious Albion. This Albion, vaguely associative as children's impressions often are, had something to do with Winston Churchill; but whereas Churchill was good, Albion was . . . well, perfidious. I wished him ill in his long and unjustified sojourns in India, Ireland, Palestine, and elsewhere. Everywhere was possible: didn't his navy rule the seas? I had heard that "the sun never set" on his empire, but failed to understand exactly what that meant. (My literal mind also never quite grasped the meaning of "send flowers by wire." I thought that stores which advertised "without a sale in twenty years" or "no one undersells us" were asking for pity.) Albion first appears as a tribal monarch in the largely mythic *Annals of the Kings of Britain*, written by one Geoffrey of Monmouth during the Middle Ages. The legend lingered until William Blake lifted it, and made Albion the font of all that is heroic and compelling in the English vision of past and future: an Anglo-Saxon version of the Greeks' Atlas and the Hebrews' Adam. I do not know precisely when Albion became "perfidious," the adjective adhering as firmly to the name as "terrible" does to Ivan. It could not have been all that long ago, but now, when I find myself passing along demonological equivalents in politics to my own children, Albion no longer seems perfidious, but pathetic.

I THOUGHT OF ALBION'S CAREER after hearing that he was helpless to prevent (through diplomacy or force or a combination of the two) the 200 Falkland Islands, 300 miles off Argentina's coast, with their 2,000 British subjects and 700,000 sheep, from falling to an invading force of Argentine marines. Albion's ally, Ronald Reagan, in an unprecedented fifty-minute telephone call to Buenos Aires, tried to forestall the humiliation. But this humiliation was, in fact, inevitable: Whitehall simply refused to believe that Argentina would assert now its 150-year-old claim to the Falklands. The United Nations Security Council has said its *tiens, tiens* about Argentina's aggression, a gesture for once in accord with the truth, and, as usual, without effect. The Royal Navy has dispatched its rapid deployment force, which will reach the South Atlantic in just under three weeks. For a generation the British have been withdrawing; now, in this opéra bouffe of troop movements and communiqués, they are moving forward. The Labour left, which has sounded retreat whenever the British presence and genuine Western interests are challenged, now postures like an Old Empire Loyalist against Mrs. Thatcher and her insufficient ardor for Rule Britannia—demanding resignations, harrumphing about British dignity and obligation. The English, of course, were right to leave India and Palestine. In any case, the Gandhi movement and the Haganah, with masses mobilized behind them, left the Crown no alternative. In the latter case, moreover, the terms of the Mandate obliged them to leave. But the voluntary—and wholly unnecessary—erosion of Britain as a world power, to which the Argentine piracy testifies, begins with the abandonment of Aden. It was here that London first showed its inclinations to truckle to terror and to accept as legitimate, "representative," and inevitably victorious any ragtag cohort (outside Ireland) which throws bombs and attaches "Liberation Front" to its name. In its desertion of Aden and subsequent abandonment of its other responsibilities east of Eden, Britain consigned a succession of tiny populations to the sway of fanatics more cruel (and surely no more democratic) than the rulers they succeeded in, and in some places still aim at, replacing. These rulers, friends of the West and requiring protection—not from their own people but from the aggressions of richer and stronger rapacious neighbors—suddenly bore the brunt of Albion's perfidy. What troubles one brigade in the region might have saved us! The Britons of the Falkland Islands, content to live under the governance of a representative of the distant Queen, also relied on London for their security and modest prosperity. So where was the British Foreign Minister when the Argentinian armada sallied to conquer? He was in Jerusalem, lecturing the Israelis on how they misperceive their own security needs. Losing the Falkland Islands may be a small price to pay for having Carrington's lectures henceforth confined to his peers in the House of Lords.

THE CONGENITAL DOUBLE STANDARD of moralizing politics emerged in Boston last week, when the Boston Symphony Orchestra canceled an appearance by Vanessa Redgrave as the narrator in Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex*. The management gave as its explanation some fatuities about circumstances "beyond its control." Boston is more provincial than Hollywood, which clasps anyone to its bosom, the more notorious or silly, the closer. But it was no surprise that the fastidious *grande dame* of American cities was not about to welcome someone who is a cheerleader for murderers. And it wasn't only financial contributors to the BSO, Jewish and non-Jewish, and longtime concert-goers who resented her engagement. The fact is that many musicians in the orchestra didn't want to perform with her, and that's surely their right. Or, as one of them put it, "I'd not have played with Wilhelm Furtwängler, who was a Nazi propagandist, and I'll not play with her." This musician would not have accompanied John Wayne either, if he'd been chosen to narrate *Peter and the Wolf*. On television, Redgrave prattled on about her traduced democratic rights, rights which neither the Trotskyite sect she adorns, nor the PLO she supports, would permit. Anything resembling a black list makes me queasy, and in Boston these last days that's the moral gauntlet which has been thrown down. As usual, it's been put this way by people quite eager for their own designated blacklists. The Springboks, a South African soccer team (integrated, by the way), was rumored to be on its way to play the Hub last year. Predictably, there was much agitation in progressive circles ensuring that no games be permitted there. As it happens, the games were ultimately scheduled (and called off) in New York. Many of the Bostonians now speaking up for this wicked though talented actress, however, were not ready to speak up for these talented though probably politically unsophisticated athletes.

M. P.

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47 Concerti (3) for 2 vlns., str. & continuo in D maj., for vln., str. & continuo in A minor & E major.
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53 Sonata No. 3 in C major. Partita No. 3 in E major.
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55 Suite in C minor. Prelude in C minor. Fugue in C minor. Suite in E major.
56 Sonata in B minor. Sonata in Eb major. Sonata in A major. Sonata in G minor.
57 Sonata in C major. Sonata in E minor. Sonata in E major. Partita in A minor for Solo Flute.
58 Trio Sonata for 2 Flutes & Continuo. Sonatas No. 3 (G min.), No. 1 (G maj.), No. 2 (D maj.).
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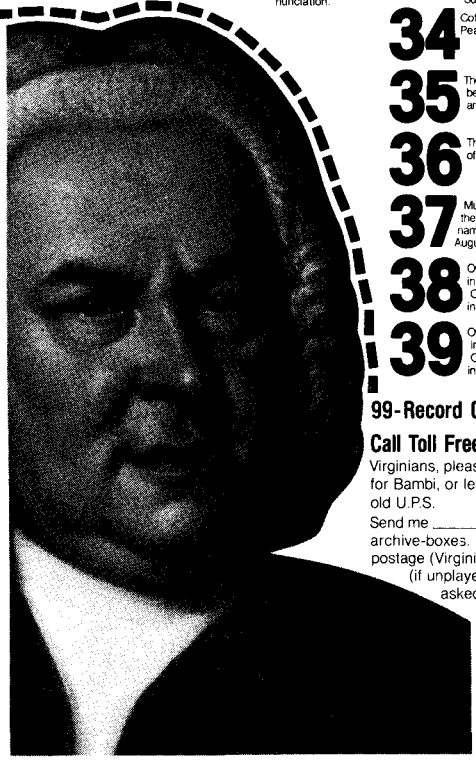

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